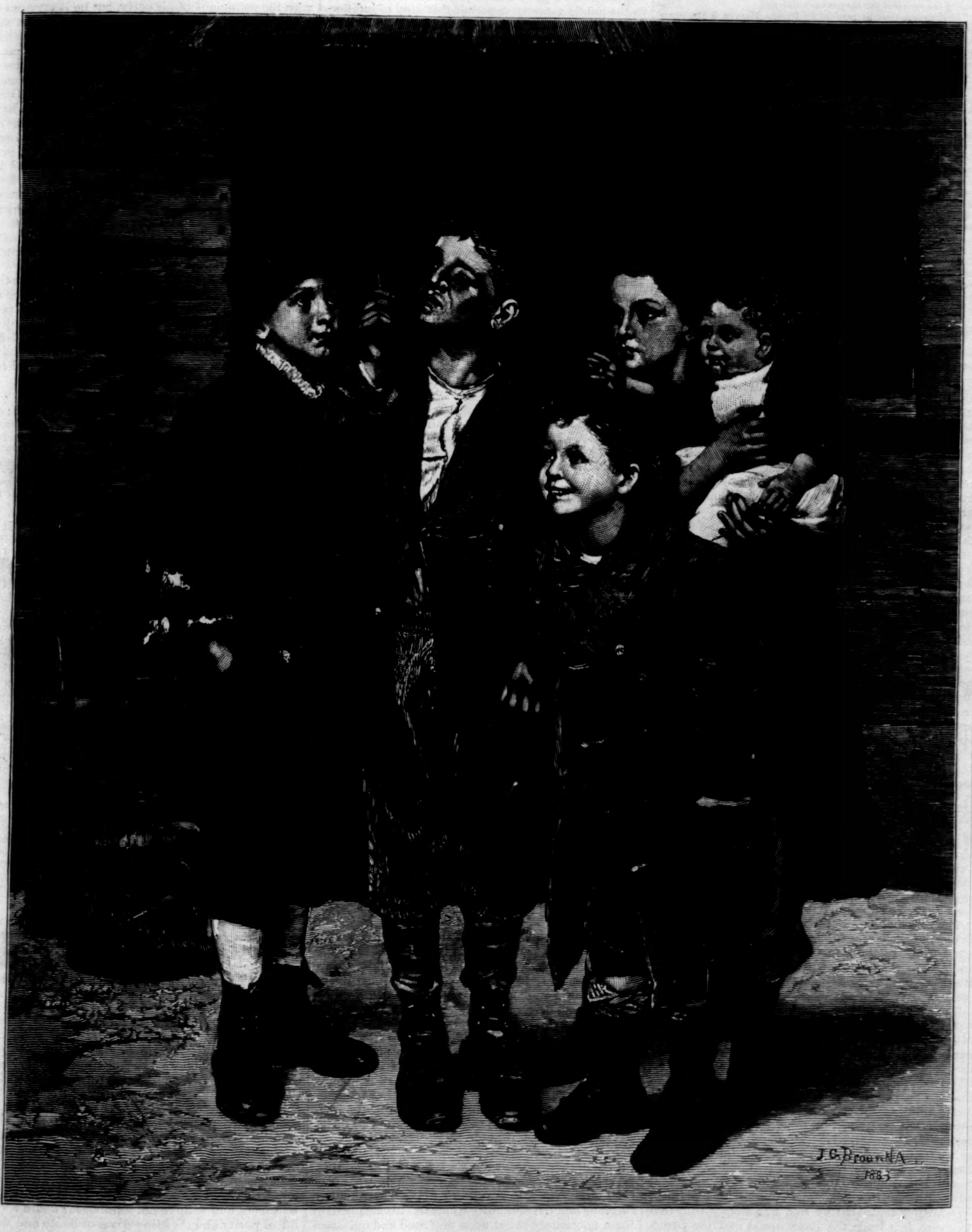
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXVII.—No. 1375.
Copyright, 1883, by Harper & Brothers.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1883.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"THE TRANSIT OF VENUS."—From the Painting by J. G. Brown.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"*—the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age—*MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December*, 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $300; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by ALFRED DOMETT *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE POLITICAL CALM.

IT is remarkable that while the political situation in Europe is so critical that one of the most accomplished of publicists describes it as the "European Terror," politics in the United States are so stagnant that the only activity is an endeavor to show some reason for the existence of parties—an endeavor which ends in showing that upon no one immediate question is either party agreed. The Democratic attempt to present the tariff as the crucial question has merely revealed the bitter and hopeless dissension of the party upon that subject, a dissension illustrated by the tone of the Democratic press for or against Mr. RANDALL, and by the protectionist speech of Mr. CARTER HARRISON at a party dinner expressly designed as a free-trade demonstration. On the other hand, a Republican paper declares a protective tariff to be a cardinal Republican doctrine, a declaration which if true would at once exclude from the Republican party the New York *Times*, the Albany *Evening Journal*, and the Buffalo *Express*—to go no further—three of the most representative and powerful Republican journals in the State. It is plainly very doubtful whether the chief issue of an election can be made upon a question about which neither party is agreed. Whenever such a question is felt by the public—not by the Iroquois Club nor by a knot of politicians of any party, but by the country—to be the paramount issue, it must lead to a reorganization of parties, like the slavery question. The effort of politicians and "managers" to fit an existing party to a new question—that is, to a question upon which the party was not formed—is in itself presumptive evidence that the question is not a controlling issue. The endeavor to adjust the Whig party and the Democratic party to the question of slavery destroyed the Whig party and left the Democratic party a mere slavery propaganda, while the Republican party, recruited from both, arose swiftly to power, and has maintained its dominance for a quarter of a century.

The conclusion from such facts is obvious. If the Democratic party is to become in good faith a free-trade party, as the Republican was an anti-slavery party, then such gentlemen as Mr. RANDALL and Mr. HARRISON and their friends will be no longer Democrats; and if the Republican party is to be in good faith the party of protection, then the leading journals that we have named will cease to be Republican. If the chief issue in an election be protection, how can a paper which advocates a non-protective tariff support the protectionist nominations, or how can a protectionist orator declare for the free-trade party? To suppose that the parties which are known as Republican and Democratic are to contest the election of 1884 is to assume that free trade or protection will not be the issue. A Democratic correspondent inquires whether we mean to say in a recent article that free-trade Democrats are to renounce their party because it may not yet be ready to take the true ground upon that subject, which, in his judgment, is absolute free trade. We answer that what we said was simply this, that to make free trade the issue would cost the Democratic party the election. But undoubtedly every free-trader will support the party that he believes will most certainly secure the object which he holds to be of paramount importance. Nothing, however, it seems to us, can be more evident to a free-trader than that if there be no free-trade party in the field, it is because free trade has not become a paramount issue.

It is not probable that the position which either party will take upon this question will seriously disturb the party relations of voters. The platforms will proclaim sound and safe and non-committal sentiments, which will hold the stragglers and the rear-guard, and the main reliance of both sides will be party association and tradition, as is always the case when a question has not become strong enough to remodel parties. Yet the situation has one peculiarity. Usually, when old issues are spent and old questions settled, there is a disposition, as in 1820, to re-adjust party relations or to abandon them altogether. But the attitude of parties in the civil war is too fresh in the public memory to permit that kind of indifference. The deep distrust which the Democratic party then inspired has not been removed by the more recent conduct of that party, and whatever Republican offenses may have been, the alternative of Democratic administration is not contemplated with pleasure by the truly conservative sentiment of the country. This, of course, is not a disposition which would maintain itself against a great issue. But so long as the main question is the comparative chance of efficient, economical, and progressive administration under Republican or Democratic control, the probabilities of success are all with the Republican party. Moreover, in view of this distrust, and of the extraordinary course of the Democratic party upon the tariff question, many friends of a revenue tariff who would perhaps co-operate with a new party formed upon that issue would not support the Democratic party, with which they are perfectly familiar, merely because it might declare in 1884 for a revenue tariff, as in 1872 it nominated a protectionist, and resolved "to remit the discussion of the question to the people in their Congressional districts." The Democrats may be very sure that they will be judged not by their professions in a convention, but by their conduct for twenty years.

"THE IRISH CONVENTION."

"THE Irish Convention," as the assembly of certain naturalized American citizens is called, which is soon to be held in Philadelphia, has one plain duty to discharge. Whatever else it may say or leave unsaid, it must unequivocally and completely disclaim all sympathy with murder as a means of agitation. There should be no evasion whatever upon this point. The great body of American citizens sympathize with the honorable aspirations and efforts of all other countries, and with the agitation which aims at juster and humaner laws. In case of evident and hopeless oppression they do not forget the Revolution that secured their own independence, and they look with interest and fellow-feeling upon every justifiable revolutionary struggle. But there is no people in the world more loyal to law, and a policy of assassination directed against Englishmen who are endeavoring to relieve suffering in Ireland by law is a policy so hideous that the instinctive abhorrence with which it is regarded is apt to include all Irishmen who in demanding changes in the law do not clearly and emphatically absolve themselves from all suspicion of complicity in crime or of approval of criminals.

The leaders of the Convention ought to understand that American sympathy with the Irish agitation is not only chilled, but changed into hostility, by any doubtful position of Irish agitators, whether in this country or elsewhere, upon the policy of murder. Whatever may have been true a century ago, and during the cruel Irish repression of the eighteenth century, it is inexpressibly ridiculous to attempt to represent Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT and the Liberal members of the ministry as black-hearted tyrants and oppressors of Ireland. Constitutional agitation, in or out of Parliament, for changes in the land laws, for increase of representation, for "home rule," even for separation, is legitimate, and would have a certain moral support in this country. But agitation which justifies such savage atrocities as the murders in Phœnix Park is not agitation, it is an outbreak of anarchy which every honorable man in every civilized country at once stigmatizes as a crime against humanity and society, and every abettor of such crime in every degree is spurned as an enemy of the human race.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that the managers of the Convention interpret correctly the change of American feeling and tone about the Irish agitation, and that they see the necessary and fatal effect upon Ireland of any hesitation in clearly defining the position of those residents in this country who call themselves Irish-Americans. If they prefer that designation, they have only to reflect that they are but a pitiful handful in comparison with English-Americans. But such distinctions are wholly mischievous. Any class of citizens in this country who evidently abuse its name and the immunity which its citizenship gives them may surely count upon profound and universal national distrust and antipathy. If the action of the Convention—which as an "Irish-American" assembly is greatly to be regretted as implying that American interest in foreign questions is not a national but a class interest—shall show that the Dynamite party in this country is limited to a few insignificant ranters who represent nothing but their own vanity and folly, it will do something to retrieve the obloquy which recent crime has cast, however unjustly, upon the name of Ireland. But if it should appear that the leaders are afraid of the criminal element among Irish agitators, they will not change, indeed, the wisdom and propriety of certain reforms in Ireland, but they will have greatly obscured the hope of seeing those reforms accomplished. For Dynamite can not frighten, although it may easily exasperate, England.

THE GOVERNOR'S BUFFALO VETO.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND is said not to be popular with the politicians of his party, but he is very much wiser than they, and it would have been most advantageous to the party to sustain him cordially. His best actions, however, have produced the most vehement Democratic protests, and his official term has thus far been most serviceable, in a party sense, by disclosing the real spirit of his party. The Governor's late veto of the project to reorganize the Buffalo Fire Department is an act which good citizens of all parties most cordially approve, but which the local Democratic politicians furiously condemn. The present Fire Department of Buffalo was organized in 1880, and it was placed under the control of three commissioners "of unquestioned probity, intelligence, and executive ability," says the Governor, "who enjoy and deserve the respect and confidence of their fellow-townsmen." This excellent board is not political, and manages the department in the public interest and not in that of a party.

The object of the proposed change was to make the board a mere party machine, and to provide more of that patronage which it has been the object of the present Legislature to secure for the party of the majority. The Governor, who, as the late Mayor of Buffalo, is perfectly familiar with the situation, exposes plainly the nefarious scheme hidden in the bill, and remarks:

> "The purpose of the bill is too apparent to be mistaken. The tried, economical, and efficient administration of an important department in a large city is to be destroyed upon partisan grounds, or to satisfy personal animosities, in order that the places and patronage attached thereto may be used for party advancement. I believe in an open and sturdy partisanship which secures the legitimate patronage of party supremacy, but parties were made for the people, and I am unwilling knowingly to give my assent to measures purely partisan which will sacrifice or endanger their interests."

Nothing could be more manly and honorable. It is by such acts that men in high positions, by serving their country best, serve their party most. But the local Democratic politicians have burst into such an uproar over this just and admirable position of the Governor that if there had been any doubt of their purpose they have entirely dispelled it.

The Governor declares for "the legitimate patronage of party supremacy." But whatever that may be, it is not, in his opinion, such patronage as results from the overthrow of an honest, efficient, and economical administration of a wholly non-political function in order to make it a "placer" for "runners," "rounders," "heelers," and "bummers." In vetoing this miserable scheme Governor CLEVELAND has done what every man who is really fit to be Governor of New York would do. He has proved the sincerity of his response to the inquiry of the Civil Service Reform Association, in which he said:

> "When contests between parties are waged for the purpose of securing places for professional politicians of high or low degree, whose only recommendation for appointment is their supposed ability to do partisan service, the people are apt to be defrauded by the displacement of tried and faithful servants well able to perform the duties for which they are paid with the people's money, and the substitution of those who are unfit and incompetent. In this way the interests of the party may be subserved, but the interests of the people are neglected and betrayed."

It is curious that the Democratic politicians do not see that their true party policy lay in hearty support of the Governor's veto. But the action of the Legislature shows how total is their repudiation of his principles, and how complete their abandonment of any pretense of desiring the reforms which they have loudly demanded.

MILLENNIAL YEARNINGS.

SEVERAL Republican journals are improving each shining hour by dropping honeyed words of conciliation of party differences. Why not "close up the ranks"? Why should brothers differ? Is not the good old party good enough for all Republicans? Shall not by-gones be by-gones? Can not the antithesis of GARFIELD and GUITEAU be forgotten? Can not offensive adjectives about the machine be in the deep bosom of an ocean of concord buried? Are we not all devoted protectionists and true civil service reformers, and is there not a universal desire for political purity and the lying down of lambs and lions? Stalwart, Half-Breed, Molly Coddle, Snivel Service, Sunday-School, and the Brass-medal Squad—do we not all agree that these are naughty names which no good Republican will take again upon his lips or his pen?

These millennial yearnings must be warmly approved by every sincere lover of his kind. But politics, as we are constantly assured, being a very practical business, how is the glittering goal to be attained? Hurrah for conciliation, by all means, but then how to conciliate? There can be nothing juster than justice, but how shall justice be done? What is the source of the difference which is to be reconciled? This is the beginning of the inquiry, and the answer is that the trouble springs from the exclusion of a large part of the party from any voice or part in its councils, and from the factitious power given to a few men by patronage. An organization of the party in which every member shall have an equal voice, and the overthrow of illicit power based upon patronage, therefore, are necessary to heavenly harmony and perfect conciliation. At present the majority principle is brought into contempt, and the exhortation to abide by the will of the majority is ridiculous, because everybody knows that it is not an honest majority. A seventh part of the party is absolutely excluded from representation in the Convention, and the votes of such representatives as appear are often controlled by patronage. A majority so obtained is fraudulent, and its will, even according to the most scrupulous view, is not binding. Votes controlled by patronage are corrupt, and the action which they seem to sanction is void.

Conciliation will hardly be accomplished by "closing up the ranks," and agreeing not to use "swear words" and contumelious epithets. Indeed, they are not very distressing. They merely indicate a difference; they do not produce it. If the Republican party in New York is to be harmonized, it will be done by getting rid of the causes of the trouble, and it is well to observe that none of these causes are "bygones," and therefore can not be left to be by-gones. Conciliation is not a negative procedure. It can be effected only by doing something, and a party can be united only by agreement upon certain definite principles, and by honest management. We are glad to see, therefore, that a committee, among whom are most excellent gentlemen representing every view in the party, has been appointed to devise a plan of harmonizing all differences. Their action will be watched with great interest. But we trust that the committee will understand that without real and important changes, including personal changes, "harmony" will be, like the will-o'-the-wisp, only a bright deceiver.

THE NEW CITY CHARTER.

Mayor Edson's speech before the Assembly Committee on Cities contained nothing very new, but much that is very true, and only too familiar to every New-Yorker. The city, he said, is governed by commissions, and the commissioners are appointed by bargains between the nominating and confirming powers. It is practically impossible to remove unfit officers, and equally impossible to fill vacancies without a "dicker." In the present city government there is really no responsibility, and the situation is both demoralizing and dangerous. Any system, therefore, which would combine power and responsibility would be preferable to the present system, and this union is the object of his charter.

This charter gives the Mayor power to appoint the heads of the municipal departments without the intervention of any other authority, and it would be better, in Mayor Edson's opinion, to intrust that power even to the Board of Aldermen than to leave it divided as it is now. He said that he was not personally anxious for the power, but in response to Mr. Roosevelt said that he saw no impropriety in giving the present Mayor the sole appointing power, and there could be no good reason for deferring for two years changes of such pressing importance. The Mayor's views are in harmony with those of his predecessor, and his strong expression of them only confirms with the eloquence of experience the view which commends itself to intelligent students of city affairs.

A grotesque reply was made to the Mayor by Alderman Cochrane, who holds apparently that a city is a political community like a State or a nation, and that the Mayor was proposing a municipal tyrant, while the great system of popular government had already provided a bulwark of popular rights and liberties in the Board of Aldermen. A more amusing speech could not be made. There is no doubt of the wisdom of the Mayor's general proposition. The power of removal, however, should be strictly defended against abuse, and the inevitable corruption of minor patronage should be baffled by a practical abolition of such patronage. Much would be gained, however, by concentrating responsibility upon the Mayor. It is only a pity that, knowing this when he was a candidate last autumn, Mayor Edson had not made his charter his platform. He now states strongly and cogently the impossibility of good city government under the party and dicker system, and the desirability and necessity of the transaction of public business upon business principles. We congratulate him upon his new light. It was because he was nominated by the dicker system that he was opposed last year by those who wish to see the business of the city transacted upon business principles.

WALTER HOWE.

Upon page 260 is a portrait of the Hon. Walter Howe, of whom we spoke last week as a worthy colleague of Theodore Roosevelt in the Assembly, another of the young, resolute, intelligent, and independent Republicans who represent the strong convictions and high principles of the party, and who are coming forward in its leadership. Such Republicans must be considered carefully by those who are eager to reorganize the party in New York. They are not Republicans of yesterday, but of to-morrow. They are not old Whigs, but new Republicans, and they equally discard old Whig doctrines which have become obsolete, and old Republican methods which are not honest and of good report.

Throughout the session Mr. Howe's vote has been recorded upon the right side of all important questions, and the practical experience which he has gained will be of great service in his future career. If the proposed reorganization of the party should result in sending such men as Mr. Howe and Mr. Roosevelt to the State Convention from the city of New York, it would secure to the party councils a representation of the wisest and most courageous and most upright sentiment of the party in that city, which is not always present in the conventions.

SOUND ADVICE.

Frederick Douglass is still a wise counsellor of the colored men. In an address in Washington upon the anniversary of emancipation he said that three solutions have been offered of the problem of the fate of the colored man in America. The first was colonization, which was certainly not worth talking about. The second was extinction by poverty and disease. But it appeared that in the Southern States the increase of the colored people is ten per cent. greater than that of the whites. The third solution was assimilation and unification with the rest of the population, and this seems to Mr. Douglass the natural course.

> "There is but one destiny, it seems to me, left for us, and that is to make ourselves and be made by others a part of the American people in every sense of the word. Assimilation, not isolation, is our true policy and our natural destiny. Unification for us is life; separation is death. We can not afford to set up for ourselves a separate political party, or adopt for ourselves a political creed apart from the rest of our fellow-citizens."

This is simple good sense, and may well be pondered by every American. The demand of "recognition," that is to say, of patronage, upon the ground of color or previous nationality, is as foolish as to demand it upon a sectarian ground. The Constitution and the laws do not know German, or English, or French, or Irish, or colored, or Baptist, or Jewish, or pagan, or atheistic, Americans. They know only equal citizens, who, if they are white or black, may have been born anywhere in the world, and may hold any religious faith, or none. Consequently any body of citizens who, as citizens, try to separate themselves into a class upon grounds of race, or nativity, or religious opinion, are essentially anti-American.

Citizens who hold similar views of public policy will naturally and properly organize to secure the passage of laws embodying their views. But this is very different from organizing to secure advantages as colored, or Baptists, or Catholic, or German, or English, American citizens. Mr. Douglass's words, like all wise words, are timely and suggestive.

THE GOVERNOR AGAIN.

The good word elsewhere spoken for Governor Cleveland is justified by the appointment of the Superintendent of Insurance, assuming that a change was necessary or desirable. That it is not a political office is plain enough from the fact that Mr. McCall, the new Superintendent, who is a Democrat, has been long the efficient deputy, to which post he was appointed by the two late superintendents, who were Republicans. Governor Cleveland now promotes him to the headship of the office, and there is no question of his singular fitness for the position.

One peculiarly satisfactory fact in connection with this promotion is that it baffles the efforts of a noted politician to secure the nomination by means of political influence of every kind and degree. This personal pressure has now become so universal that a man who can drum up signatures to a petition and procure certificates and letters is held to establish a kind of "claim" to the place, and no man who does not blow his own trumpet violently and insist upon "recognition" is regarded as a possible candidate. "If he wants the place, why doesn't he ask for it?" is the question. But the sounder form is, "Does the place want him, and if so, why is he not called to it?"

Of course in making important nominations the Governor or any appointing officer will consult those whose opinion he may desire. But advice given under such circumstances is wholly different from a recommendation written at the request of the person to be recommended. Such a letter means only that the writer prefers not to refuse an entreaty. It does not mean that he thinks the applicant to be the best person for the place. The appointment of Mr. McCall is another of Governor Cleveland's creditable acts.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Charles F. Ulrich, whose "Glass-Blowers" we engraved last week, is said to have received already this year orders for four thousand dollars' worth of pictures, his patrons being collectors of American paintings exclusively.

—Mr. T. B. Clarke's private collection of American works of art numbers more than one hundred examples, and is especially rich in fine examples of George Inness. Mr. Clarke began to gather it about ten years ago, and it is now an honor to the city.

—In his *Mexico To-day*, Mr. Brocklehurst notes that the co-existence of several small communities of differing Protestants, exhibiting feelings of animosity toward each other in a purely Catholic country like Mexico, is a source of great weakness, as it affords the Catholic priests an opportunity of cautioning their flocks against joining a body so divided in itself.

—Mr. Charles R. Miller, who has succeeded Mr. John Foord as editor of the New York *Times*, is a graduate of Dartmouth College, and about thirty-four years of age. Immediately after leaving college he was offered a position on the Springfield *Republican*, and remained four years with that paper—an excellent school for young journalists. He has been connected with the *Times* for about two years, is in thorough sympathy with the progressive wing of the Republican party, and by education, ability, and experience is well equipped for the responsible position to which he has been called.

—Mr. Gourdault is commended for having, in his new book on Venice, "grasped the aspect of the lagoons in a mist—an aspect seldom touched upon—their vast and solitary desolation, the confusion of sea and sky, the sense that you and your gondola are floating in a medium which is neither one nor the other, the fitful breeze bearing strange sounds across the water."

—Fourteen volumes of Thiers's *Parliamentary Orations* have already been issued in Paris, where they do this sort of thing more thoroughly for their dead statesmen than in any other city in the world.

—Says the *Academy*: "We observe that the new edition of Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon is being actively pushed in America. The literary journals advertise pages of favorable notices. Owing to the fact that American help was sought for in the revision, the book is now copyright in America." The great success of this work is almost commensurate with its deserts, but the college boys whose eyes meet its legible and beautiful type are not likely to appreciate their advantage over their predecessors.

—In the new bronze statue of Lord Beaconsfield in Parliament Square, London, the Earl appears in his robes and the order of the Garter, and holds a scroll in one hand. The 16th of April was the day set apart for the unveiling.

—Cetywayo declares that he is grateful to England for letting him out of captivity, but very sore at heart because his country has been so much cut up. This division of territory, he predicts, will lead to trouble and complications before long.

—Of Mr. G. E. Woodberry's *History of Wood-Engraving*, recently published by the Harpers, the *Academy* has a highly appreciative two-column review. The volume, it says, is "clearly the result of a great deal of work; and where the author inserts observations or criticisms of his own they invariably give evidence of thoroughly sound opinions upon fundamental principles. Engravers on both sides of the Atlantic would do well to lay to heart the wholesome criticism and advice contained in the last chapter. The historical portion of the book is the most readable history of the art that has yet been written. Moreover, any one who accepts Mr. Woodberry as his guide will not be led far astray. Finally, the printing is excellent, the paper is good, and so are the illustrations."

—Bismarck wrote in 1855: "From all I have heard about Louis Napoleon's character during the last few years from people who have known him for half a generation it seems that the impulse to do precisely what no one expects of him is almost a disease with him, and is daily encouraged by the Empress."

—Mr. Herbert Spencer begs the students of St. Andrews University, who have nominated him for the Lord-Rectorship, to withdraw his name. Ten years ago, he says, he was compelled to decline the honor on account of the state of his health, and the same reason again prevails.

—Mr. Albert Wolff, contributor to the *Figaro*, has had a biography of himself written, under the title of *Albert Wolff, Histoire d'un Chroniqueur Parisien*. He was born and educated at Cologne.

—Mr. O. B. Bunce observes that a book whose pages have been cut is always despoiled of something: "Every one who is accustomed to see the folded sheets of a book before it is bound, and the same sheets after they have been squeezed, crushed, and subjected to the butchering knife of the binder, must feel, if he possesses a sense of beauty, that a certain very inviting quality in the page has been extinguished. The most accomplished book-maker in the country once remarked to the writer that in comparing cut and uncut copies of the same edition of a book he found a difference which he was utterly unable to account for—the paper, the ink, the printing, everything about the uncut copies seemed so much superior."

—According to Dr. F. L. Oswald, fat is the best lung-food, and among all fat-containing substances fresh sweet cream is about the best, and salt pork the worst. Consumptives should avoid all scorbutific articles of diet, salt meat, pickles, indigestible made dishes, rancid fat, pungent spices, cheese, and all kinds of intoxicating liquors.

—Mr. Millais's latest picture, "A Stowaway," is a full-length figure of a wayward lad who, having crept into the hold of a ship, is startled by the lifting of the hatch above him. The light streams upon his frightened features, and he crouches in terror. The drawing and painting of the head are said to be marvellously fine.

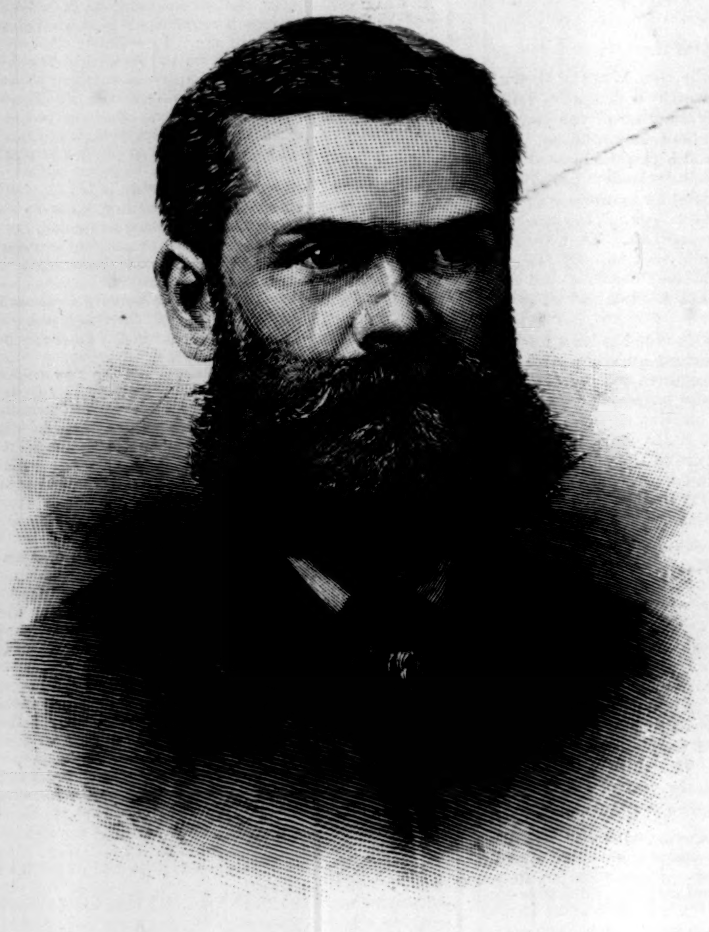
—The days of profitable stock-farming with a small capital are passing away, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but for the young man with a level head, strong constitution, and ample means the plains of the west and southwest frontiers of the United States and Canada will for many a long day offer an admirable field for enterprise.

—Horse-flesh is sold in some parts of London as beef. It has the peculiarly rosy appearance which the people like, and in order legally to prevent its sale it must be shown that it is "unfit for the food of man."

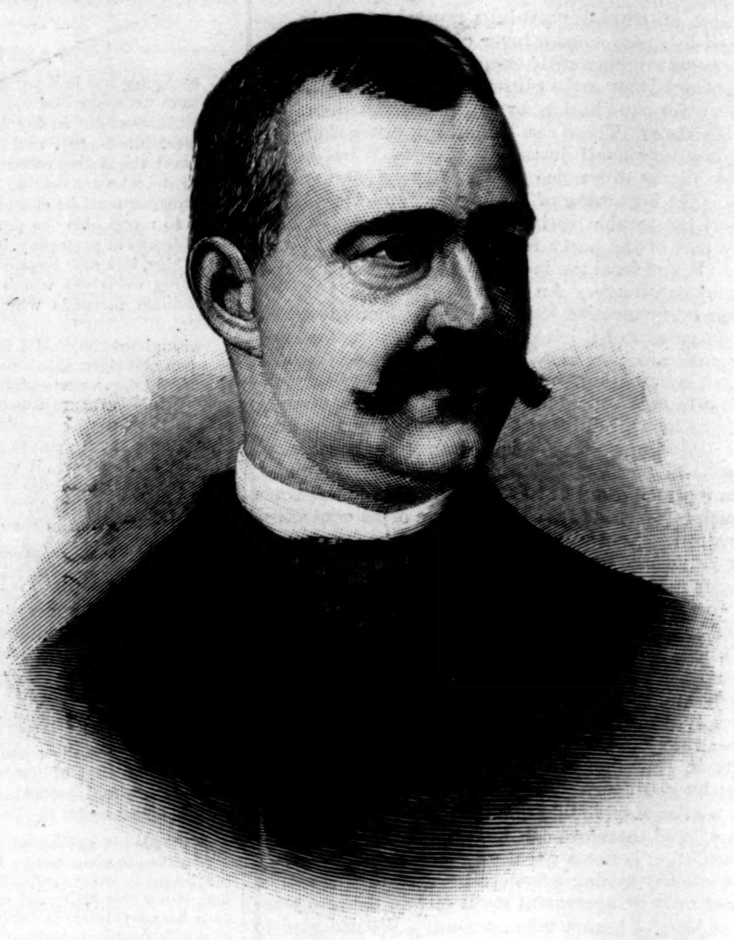
—The General Synod of the Church of Ireland has adopted a resolution petitioning Parliament against any bill which will have the effect of admitting atheists into either House. But it is objected that the present oath is a premium on hypocrisy, not a prohibition of unbelief.

—The Lord Bishop of Rochester entered the House of Peers the other evening, and after seating himself unfolded a newspaper and began to read it. An attendant immediately called his lordship's attention to the breach of order, and the paper promptly disappeared into the offender's pocket.

—The death of Mr. John Brown, the Queen's personal servant (says the *Spectator*), has created some interest in society. He has for years been a conspicuous figure in the royal household, and at one time the most absurd stories of his influence with the Queen were greedily believed. The truth is that he was a confidential servant, so trustworthy and devoted that the Queen treated him, as he deserved, as a humble friend, and in particular relied more upon his vigilant watchfulness than upon any police or guards. Kings value devotion like Mr. Brown's with a feeling compounded of true gratitude and of a master's kindness for a great dog, and naturally consider service to themselves service also to the state. In this light there is nothing unusual in the strong expressions with which her Majesty, in the *Court Circular*, records the "grievous shock" she has felt at the "irreparable loss" of an "honest, faithful, and devoted follower, a trustworthy, discreet, and straightforward man," whose unceasing care in the performance of his duties "had secured for himself the real friendship of the Queen." There is a ring of true and most creditable feeling in the whole official notice. Mr. Brown died of erysipelas, supervening on a cold caught while inquiring, at the Queen's desire, into the reported attack on Lady Florence Dixie.



THE HON. WALTER HOWE, MEMBER OF ASSEMBLY FROM NEW YORK.
Photographed by Notman, Albany.—[See Page 259.]



JOHN A. McCALL, JUN., SUPERINTENDENT OF THE INSURANCE DEPARTMENT.
Photographed by Notman, Albany.—[See Page 259.]

STOLEN BY APACHES.

On the 28th of last March Judge H. C. McComas, his wife, and young son, while visiting some mining property, were met by a straggling party of Apaches at Thompson's Cañon, twenty-five miles from Silver City, New Mexico. The parents were killed, and the boy captured and carried off by the band into Mexican territory.

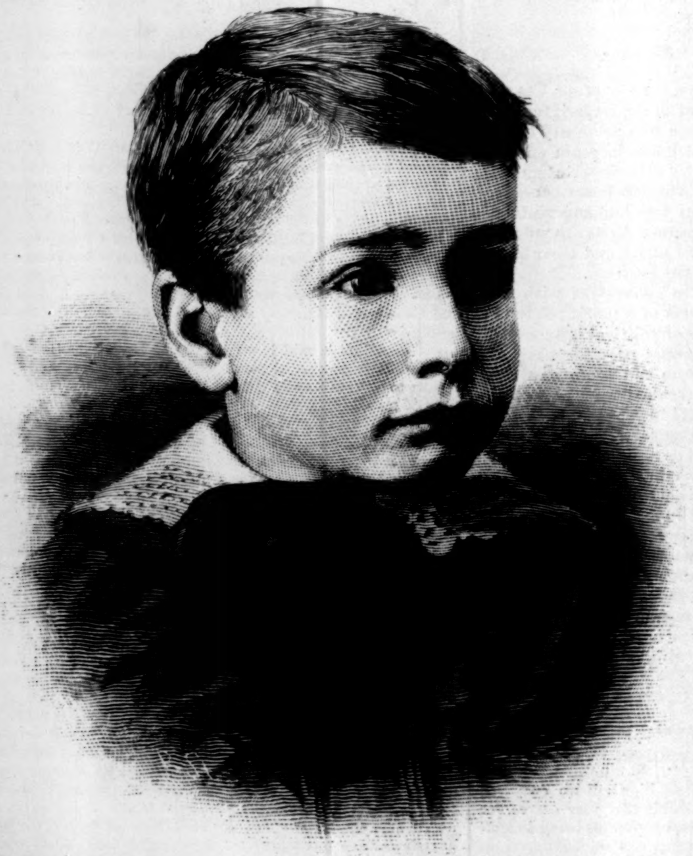
The name of this unfortunate lad, bereft of father and mother, and carried into a terrible captivity, is Charles Ware McComas. He is only six and a half years old, large for his age, weighing nearly one hundred pounds, and has light yellowish hair.

Judge McComas was at one time a prominent merchant of St. Louis, Missouri, and his wife, a lady of culture and refinement, was considered one of the leaders of fashionable society in that city. Both were very highly esteemed.

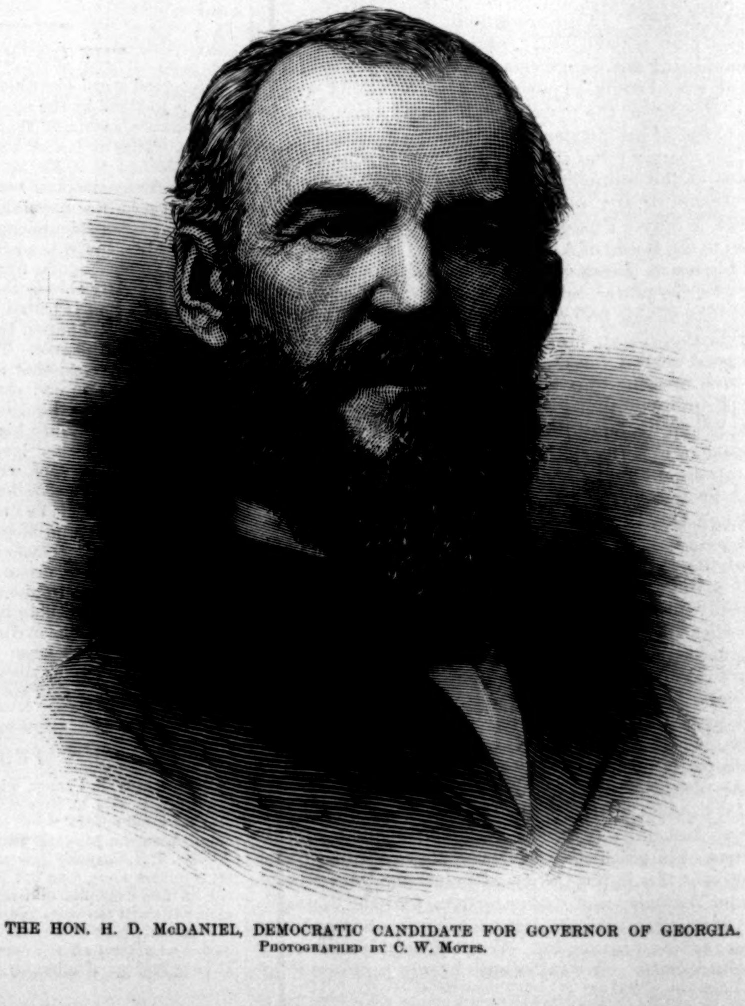
THE HON. HENRY D. McDANIEL.

This gentleman, nominated by the Democratic State Convention for Governor of Georgia, was born in Walton County, in that State, and now resides at Monroe, the county seat, engaged in the practice of law. He was educated at Mercer University, a Baptist institution, then located at Penfield, Georgia, where he graduated with the highest honors in 1856, at the age of nineteen. He soon opened a law office, and won a substantial reputation.

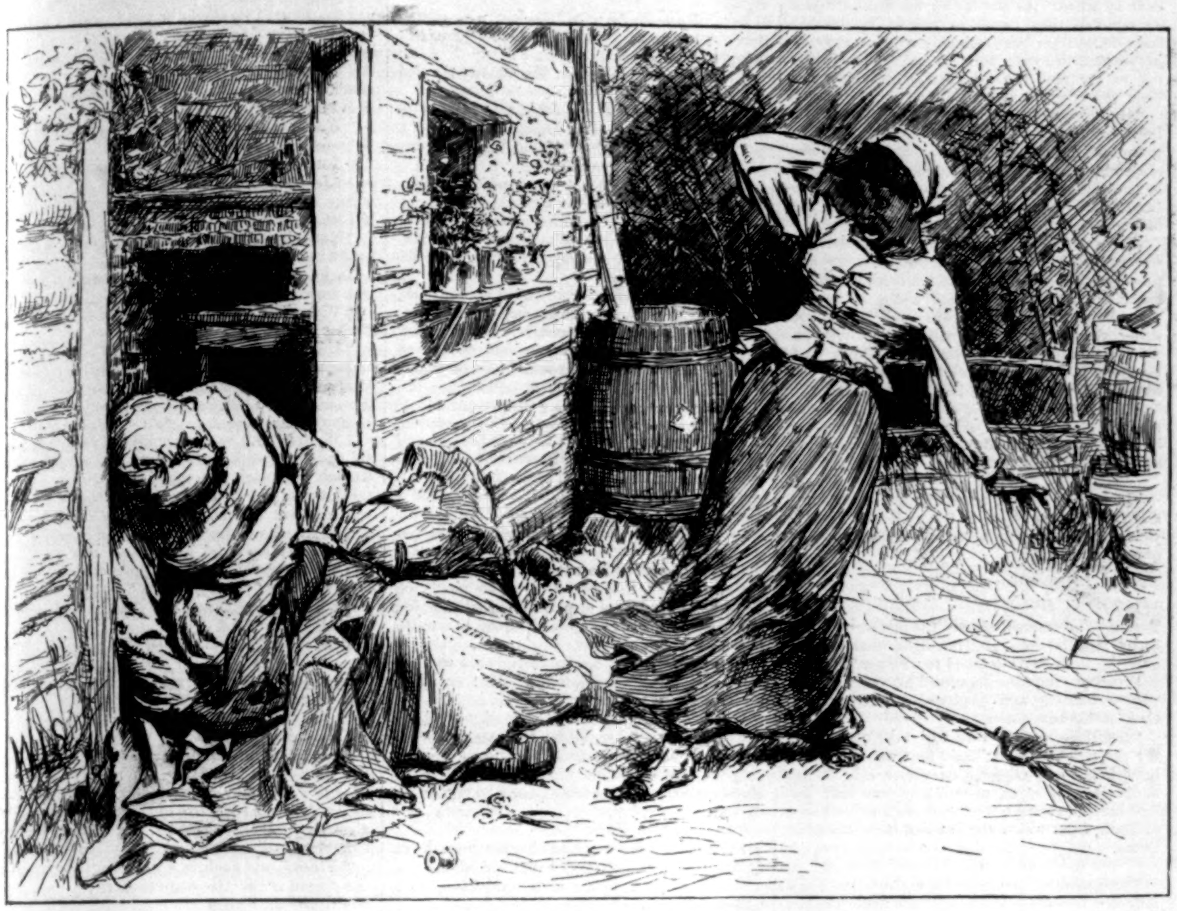
As a member of the Secession Convention of 1861 he opposed disunion at first, but finally voted for the ordinance of secession, and was one of its signers. A few months later he was in the field as Lieutenant of the Eleventh Georgia Regiment, became Major in November, 1862, and commanded a brigade on the last day of the battle of Gettysburg. On the retreat of the Confederate army he rendered gallant service, and was severely wounded near Hagarstown. This closed his military career. He subsequently served in the State Assembly, and eight years in the State Senate.



CHARLES WARE McCOMAS, STOLEN BY APACHES.
From a Photograph.



THE HON. H. D. McDANIEL, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA.
Photographed by C. W. Motes.



"WITH A SUDDEN WILD CRY SHE RUSHED AWAY."

VINEY'S CONVERSION AND COURTSHIP.

By SOPHIE SHEPARD.

II.—*(Continued.)*

The supper hour was indeed drawing near; the needles flew faster, and the quilting was honorably completed by the time that Viney appeared and whispered in Sis Ally's ear that all was ready.

Sis Ally rose. "Walk right out, ladies an' gentlemen," she said, with a delightful air of mingled triumph and modesty. "Walk into de nex' room for a little refreshment."

At sight of the "little refreshment," Preacher Simpkins's hand instinctively sought his buttons. All settled into their seats with a flutter, followed by a hush of expectation.

"Brudder Simpkins," said Ally, gravely, "will you please to hab de honor ob axin' de grace?"

Brother Simpkins cleared his throat in reply; then began: "We hab come togedder, good Lord—we hab come togedder as Thy humble worshippers fur to praise an' thank Thee, an' to partake in righteousness ob de creetur comforts which Thou hast prepared fur us from de beginnin' ob de worl'." A pause, during which Preacher Simpkins shifts his position. "Ef dar be any sin mixed up in it"—with a mental glance, doubtless, toward the turkey—"why, jes' take it up, O Lord, an' put it right on ole Satan's shoulders. Be here wid us while we are partakin' ob de food what you gib us through de han's ob Sis Ally an' Brudder Phil. Ef he done wrong to shoot de turkey on de holy day ob de Sabbath, remember Thy Son, who plucked de corn on de Sabbath-day, an' forgib us all, an' forgib de Legislature fur makin' a law dat t'warn't nothin' but human natur' to break. Bress dem, O Lord, an' bress all ob us, bofe de sinners an' de righteous, de ole an' de young, de rich an' de poor, de quality an' de quantity, an' don' leabe none ob us out. Bring us all to Thy fold, an' neber fall from Thy grace."

An earnest "Amen" followed from all the company. Ally was obliged to wipe her eyes, and as to Viney, such was Preacher Simpkins's air of simple piety that a strange feeling came over her that perhaps, after all, there was something a sight better in religion than she had ever been able to grasp.

And now the feast began. Conversation was annihilated. Through the long golden sunset hour enjoyment reigned supreme. Then all was over. Warm, but happy, the company crossed their knives and forks, and leaned back to fan themselves; and then, with the proud smile of a general whose forces are not yet exhausted, Ally brought forth a great bucketful of lemonade, the ice gratefully tinkling against its sides, and ladled it out to her guests. Happiness could no further go, and Sister Car'line Elizabeth made a sensation by wishing, in audible tones, that she had a throat like a giraft, so she could feel the trickle of the lemonade a good long time.

Brother Buford roused like a war-horse upon hearing this, and made some cutting remarks upon the subduing of the carnal nature, adding that it was bad for the health to take cold drinks after such a hearty dinner. For his part, he preferred hot coffee. Hot coffee was furnished him. He drank it, steamed, and felt virtuous.

"'Pears like dat ole man is powerful contrairy," thought Tobe, who sat in the chimney-corner, with the gravy and "crusted creeper" before him, piled up with odds and ends and scraps of every kind. He was the happiest of urchins, and since he was doing exactly what his healthy human nature impelled him to, it is a hard heart that refuses to sympathize in his enjoyment.

And now the feast was over. Brother Buford was called on for a second grace. He did not ask another blessing, for there was nothing to bless—"'ceptin' de bones," thought Tobe—but he got on his feet to view the wreck, and returned thanks, very heartily for him—thanks in which Ally's guests, though for the most part too full for utterance, joined him in their hearts, for the quilting party had been more than a success.

III.

A prayer-meeting had been "called" for the day following the quilting party, and at the hour of noon Ally sat on the door-step of her cabin mending Viney's pink calico. It was one of those hot, breathless afternoons in August when the air, charged with electricity, seems every moment ready to burst into forked lightning. Ally, however, undisturbed by any sense of danger, plied her coarse steel needle busily, and lifted up her voice in a monotonous quavering nasal hymn. Viney in the room back of her was busy mixing the corn-bread for supper. As she did so she joined in the singing in a sweet high treble, intonated with the plaintive wail characteristic of the music of a captive race. The words went round in a circle, like the rolling of a hoop:

> "Dis air de house what Jee-sus built,
> An' He built it 'dout a hammer or a nail,
> An' in dis house sinners lay down deir sins,
> An' drink de grace ob de Lord by de pail-ful."

The last syllable, like one born out of season, was carried over violently to the beginning of the next verse, in which the same lines were repeated, varied only by altering a word here and there so as to change the scene of action; for example, "Dis air de church what Jee-sus built," or, "Dis air de ship."

Viney, while waiting for the oven to get a little hotter, had placed the tin pan with the bread in it on the table, and setting her arms akimbo, she gave full vent to her vocal powers. As she sang, her thoughts, naturally enough, fell away from the state of her soul, first to Jack Chaney, and from Jack Chaney to one or two stolen frolics she had had with that youth. Then her feet broke out, so to speak, into a gay shuffle with which they seemed sadly familiar. Her sister's quick ear caught the deadly sound, and laying down her work, she turned slowly, with righteous wrath. "Viney," she said, in solemn voice, "hab my ears belied me, or hab I heerd you dancin'—a-dancin' straightforrards into de briling pit?"

"You 'ain't heerd me dancin' into no pit," said Viney, with her hot but invisible blush.

"Ef you was," continued Ally, oratorically, "you's a onthankful gal, for here's me a-mendin' an' fixin' your dress to wear to de nex' 'spectable religious party we's invited to, for de Lord can be praised widout makin' Him ashamed of His critters. Don't let me hear no mo' sech shameful gwines on!" Having thus relieved herself, Ally returned to her hymn, and Viney joined as if nothing had happened.

It must be owned that from time to time she spun round, in a noiseless *pas seul*, snapping her fingers at the unconscious Ally, excusing her neglect of duty by reflecting that the "creeper" was not yet hot enough for her bread.

It so happened, however, that a certain yellow dog, of the pure mongrel breed, belonging to the Hancock family, was not particular as to the cooking of his food, and so, as silently as Viney danced, so silently he devoured the corn-cake. She only knew it when the tin pan, being too violently licked, came rolling to the floor and stopped bottom upward at her feet.

"Fur de lan's sake," cried Viney, "de dog done eat de bread fur supper! Git out, you thief!"

The mongrel fled. Broomstick in hand, the girl pursued, with the result that the dog escaped after leading her a long hot chase.

As she came back, breathless and hot, to the house, she glanced with alarm at the suddenly changed sky; an evil wind was blowing. Heavy black sullen clouds were rolling fast across the sky.

"Sis Ally," she cried, "I believe dar's goin' ter be a thunder-shower!"

"So dar is, chile," cried Ally, with a look of alarm. "Hurry in an' close de do's an' de winders."

Alas, poor Ally! those were the last words she spoke. The heavy heated August atmosphere, as we have said, was charged with electricity. Suddenly, like a tongue of fire, there darted from the breathless heavens a flash of lightning straight to the door of the little cabin—to the bowed, turbaned head of the poor woman but a moment past sewing and singing in the sunshine. There was an explosion as though the earth itself was rent asunder. To see and hear all this was the act of a second to poor Viney; for an instant she could not move, but stood transfixed with terror and amazement. She saw the keen fiery blade flash upon her sister's head and lay her low on the threshold. Even as she looked it seemed as if her own spirit was wrenched away and had gone out on the raging thunder. She lay prostrate, stunned by the shock.

When she came to her senses she dragged herself to her feet, and looked with wild eyes toward the rigid form which lay over the threshold. She shrank from it like a frightened child. Even to her inexperience it meant death. With a sudden wild cry she rushed away and fled into the forest.

The storm was now raging with all its fury. Flash after flash of lightning darted from the darkened sky like stealthy enemies in ambush, striking more than one of the lofty trees, and shivering them from top to bottom. "Lord hab mercy on me!" sobbed Viney. "Judgment Day done come. In de day ob judgment, good Lord, deliber me! Lord, sabe me from my sins!" With such terror-stricken words bursting from her lips she ran at full speed. She ran for more than half a mile, until she came to the Happy Hollow church. Instinct rather than intention had guided her. A few of the brothers and sisters were assembled, but none of the usual exercises were attempted. All were on their knees in prayer, though an occasional shriek from one of the women testified to her fright at the storm. Panting like a wild creature, Viney rushed in, the door slamming behind her with a bang.

"Viney Hancock," said Elder Buford, severely, "what in de name ob creation does dis mean?"

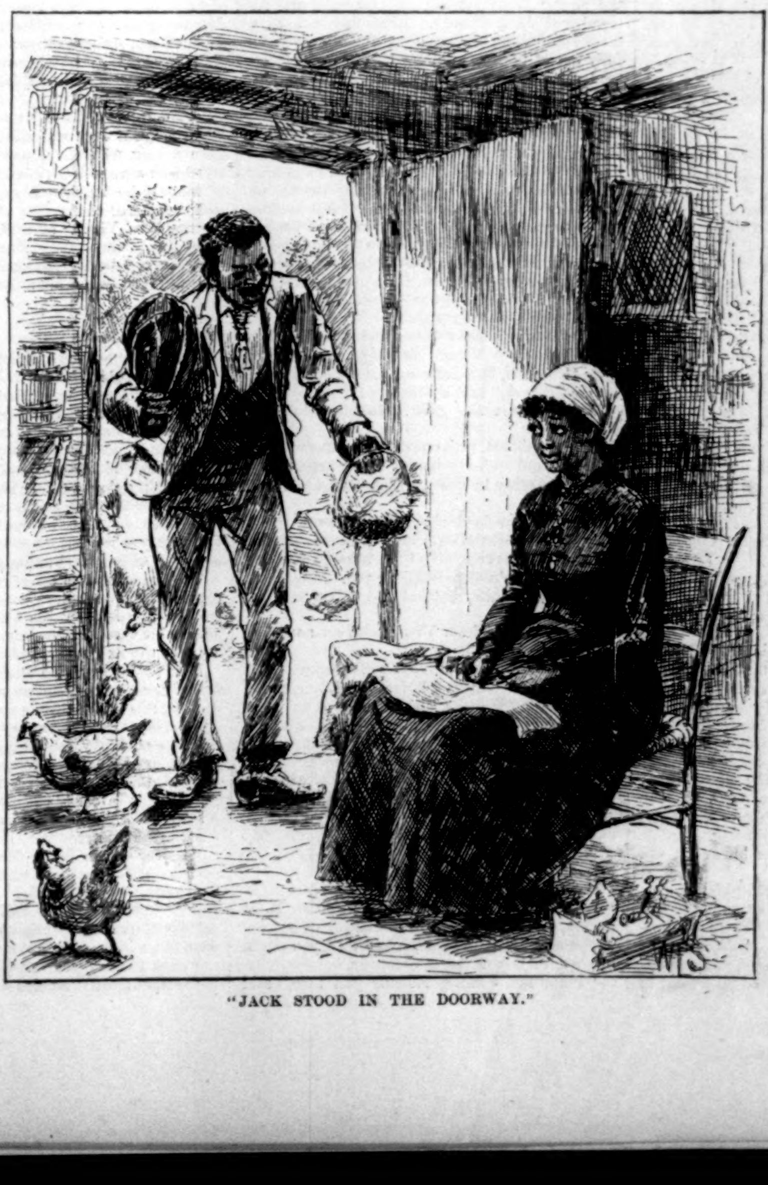
"Sis Ally," cried poor Viney—"Sis Ally."

"She ain't here, Viney. Did you run all dis way to find her 'cause you was skeerd at de storm? Ah, Viney, chile, you must learn to cling to de Rock ob Ages, an' it 'ull sabe you, even at sich a time as dis, when de heabens is tore up from deir bery foundations, an' de wrath ob God is s'archin' out sinners in high places an' low."

"He done foun' Sis Ally," gasped Viney; "an' He struck her dead wid a flash o' lightnin'!"

A great excitement followed. Many sprang toward Viney with eager questions.

"Speak out, my chile," said Preacher Simpkins, laying his hand upon her arm, "an' try to tell us straight an' plain what has happened."



"JACK STOOD IN THE DOORWAY."

His voice seemed to calm Viney, and she told her story with tolerable composure, and with a simple truthfulness which struck a chill of conviction to every heart. A hush thrilled the little assembly. Then one sister began to weep aloud; another and another followed, while the brothers folded their arms and groaned—piteous sounds mingling with the roar of the storm without.

Elder Buford felt that his hour had come. Now should the smoking flax be quenched, and the bruised reed trampled; now should Viney's obdurate heart be melted, another brand be snatched from the burning, an' to Him the glory. He rose from behind a table which served as pulpit. Angry lightning threw a glare on his face.

"Bredren an' sisters," he cried, flinging open the Bible, and stretching one long sinewy arm toward the congregation, "*now* is de time for de lesson ob dis great affliction to strike home. It is de Lord's judgment on sin. Not on Sister Hancock, fur she was a good woman—a church member an' a prayin' Christian. De Lord neber cotched her a-dancin', nor a-makin' eyes, nor a-singin' blasphemious songs. Has any member anything ter say of a contra'ywise nature?"

Sister Elsie rose up, tall, lean, gray-haired, tears streaming over her face.

"I has some right to be called mother in Israel," she said, "for I was one ob de ten members dat first founded de Happy Hollow church. Six ob de same is already gone ter gib an account of deir works befo' de great white throne. Sis Ally jined some ten years back. I hab knowed her intimate, through de back do' an' de front do', corn-pone days as well as cake days, an' I'll b'ar my testimony dat she was a Christian soul—kind an' generous an' sweet-tempered, an' believin' all de doctrines ob de church, an' keepin' 'em so fur as she wuz able to her life's end."

The tumult rose again.

"Dat's so!" says Sis Elsie. "Glory to God! Amen!"

One quavering voice began, "I would not live alway."

Brother Buford quelled his flock. "Dat bolt was meant for 'nodder sinner," said he. "Let her come forrard an' confess her sins."

"Is it me?" shrieked Viney—"is it me dat's killed my sister, dat's been a mother ter me sence I came into dis worl'?" She sank to the floor in a heap, like one going into convulsions.

They crowded around her, and as they held her they exhorted her to speak out and confess her sins, fur dat de Lord would hab mercy on her, eben at de 'leventh hour, ef she would turn to Him; so amid tears and sobs Viney made her confession,

"I hab always hankered after de wickedness ob de worl'. I wanted to dance wid de sinner folks, an' twice I ran away wid Jack Chaney to a dancin' party unbeknownst to Sis Ally. I was gwine agin ter-night, an' I meant to wear Sis Ally's ruby breastpin. Dis very day I wuz dancin' behind her back, while she wuz settin' in de do' singin' hymn tunes, innocent as de babe unborn, an' she wuz to be struck down fo' my sins. I sewed buttons on my clo'es on Sunday, an' slapped Tobe fur ticklin' me when I wuz tryin' ter say my prayers."

Silence followed Viney's dreadful confession, unbroken except by deep sighs from the most sanctified of the company and Viney's convulsive sobs.

Finally Elder Buford arose and said, "Viney, Viney Hancock, you has spent yer life a-gedderin' wood for de debil's fire; for yer sins is de wood dat burns like seasoned hickory in dat place ob torment, an' de more ob 'em you commits, de hotter his fire burns."

No one interrupted the elder's eloquence, and he went on to improve the occasion in a strong voice:

"Bredren, de Lord are manifest in all His works. When we see dis po' sinner a-writhin' an' a-sufferin' befo' our eyes, we knows dat de Lord have laid His hand heavy on her, heavy like lead; but it wor to save her soul, her black sinner's soul, dat ain't neber been washed in de 'generation waters. He was visitin' Viney's sins on Sis' Ally, for, bredren, what saith de Scripturs? De sins ob de fathers shall be visited on de childern. Mebbe you think it's kinder puttin' things hind part fust to be visitin' 'em on Sister Ally from Viney, for she ain't no chile ob hern; but wid de Lord all things are possible. He can make sin go back'ards as well as for'ards, which accounts for His sendin' Viney's wickedness straight on to Sister Ally's head in a stroke o' lightnin'. An' now, bredren, it behoofs us, as St. Paul says, dat we abstain from evil things an' meats offered to idols an' sech like, ob which things de wrath ob God comes on de childern ob dis 'dolatrous generation; an', bredren, let's pray for de livin', for 'tain't no use prayin' for de dead. Let us pray for po' Sister Viney dat she may 'scape hell fire."

Here he turned directly on Viney, shaking his skinny forefinger in her direction. "Come out ob de pit, Viney Hancock," he cried—"come out ob de pit ob sin!"

His voice sounded so terrible to Viney, he looked so wild and menacing, that she gave a shriek and fell to the floor, this time in real convulsions. The women gathered about her, and Preacher Simpkins came to the front.

"De chile is in gre't affliction, Brudder Buford," said he, quietly, "an' your measures is harsh."

"Brudder Simpkins," said the stern elder, "does you forgit de Lord's own words, 'Ef any man among you rejoice, let him be an'inted wid ile'? An' dis is no season for rejoicing. An' de sins ob de human heart must be burnt out wid caustic, an' not an'inted wid ile."

"Let us pray," said Preacher Simpkins, gently.

It was a soothing prayer, but its audience was not quite ready to be calmed. There was too much electricity still in the air. Sobs and cries were still heard through the church, and one sister and brother after another lifted up a voice in prayer for Viney, until the excitable girl could bear no more. As she lay on the floor, crushed by remorse, they began to sing. The melody tranquillized her, and suddenly a great wave of joy seemed to sweep through her soul. Springing to her feet, throwing her arms above her head, she cried, or rather shouted:

"Glory! glory! my sins is done gone. De Lord has forgiben me." And springing from those who no longer attempted to hold her, she clapped her hands, and ran toward the mourners' bench, where she knelt, crying, "Glory to de Lord! My soul is saved. Sis Ally, I'll meet you in heaben after all."

Like an electric thrill, her words and motions seemed to run through the crowd, first one and then another yielding to the infectious enthusiasm. They began to shout and sing, to clap their hands, and to embrace each other, and throw themselves hither and thither like distracted creatures. More than one woman with her baby in her arms threw the infant from her like a ball, "expectin' de Lord would keer for it, 'cos 'twas throwed for His sake." It was believed that no child, however small, had ever received injury from this treatment; some one always seemed to be ready to catch it.

The sudden August storm gradually died away, and the noisy mourners in Happy Hollow church, yielding to nature's mysterious influence, grew quiet and still.

> "Silence like a poultice came
> To heal the blows of sound."

Through the western window the sun streamed in broad farewell rays, and the light wind blowing over the fresh earth seemed to whisper "Peace."

Preacher Simpkins dismissed his congregation with a blessing, and bestowed a solemn handclasp on his new convert.

"Sis Elsie an' my wife will take you home, my po' stricken lamb," said he, "an' I'll follow befo' long," and clinging on either side to her motherly supporters, poor Viney was half led, half carried, through the forest back to the house of death, from which she had fled in such frantic terror.

IV.

Three months have gone by, and another and a different Viney sits in Uncle Phil's forlorn cabin, clothed in decent black, and sewing with downcast eyes. She pores daily over the little Testament that Preacher Simpkins has given her, spelling out the long words, and marking such as she did not understand, for Brother Phil to explain when he came home in the evening.

For three long months Viney had devoted herself entirely to religion, and for a while something like peace had stolen into her poor storm-tossed heart, but to-day Viney sighed at her sewing. Something like unrest had taken possession of her, sober and demure as she looked.

She thought, as a redeemed sheep of the house of Israel, she ought to feel happy, but she did not; she was very lonely.

Of late Brother Phil had not seemed to care so much for the Bible-readings and hymns that had been his only comfort just after Ally's death. Viney had begun to find that there were serpents within the church as well as without. Envy, hatred, and malice often confronted her, and the half-frightened thought came to her mind that the line was not so broad nor the gulf so deep as she had been told between those chosen ones and the sinner folks outside, and naturally she remembered Jack Chaney. Regarding him as a temptation and a snare, she had kept very carefully out of his way, and Mr. Chaney used to attend church with very tolerable regularity, for the double purpose of looking at Viney and scowling fiercely on Elder Buford when that worthy blew a blast chilling as an east wind over the fervid worshippers.

Unfortunately for Viney's resolve of forgetting him, she had met Mr. Chaney the day before—in fact their eyes had met, and for the first time since the catastrophe. He had taken off his hat with a bow whose thrilling nature no words could describe. It was an accurate copy, indeed, from that of a young gentleman for whom Jack acted as occasional valet, and humbly admired as a pattern of manners and graces.

"He couldn't have bowed no prettier to a queen," thought Viney, showing her teeth, in spite of herself, in a little smile. "Poor Jack!"

"Miss Viney," said a voice.

What a start she gave! Jack stood in the doorway.

Off went his hat, with one of those same wonderful bows, and while he held it in one hand, he extended the other to Viney, with a basket laid with straw.

"Here's some fresh aigs," said the youth, modestly. "You see, Miss Viney, I knowed things was gittin' skeerce to'ards Christmas, so I tuk de liberty ob fetchin' dese roun' ter you. I kin vouch fur deir bein' fresh, seein' as how I laid 'em myself—"

"Law!" broke from Viney, with an unwilling giggle.

"I mean my hens," cried Mr. Chaney—"my hens laid 'em. Hain't I bin a-feedin' 'em on raw meat, an' oyster-shells, an' roast corn, an' what not, to bring 'em up to deir duty? An' ef it ain't takin' too much ob a liberty, Miss Viney, ef you would let me fetch you over a dozen ebery week till after de holidays, it would be a real pleasure to git shet ob de aigs."

"Plenty of use for eggs at dis time ob year," cried Viney, with a slight toss of the head. "De white folks would buy 'em ob you at 'most any price."

"Yes," responded Jack, "I know white folks is terrible shif'less when dey has a Christmas fit on 'em, an' don't keer how de money goes. So, ef you didn't want de aigs, Miss Viney, you might sell 'em an' buy Christmas ribbons."

"I am not wearing ribbons just now," said Viny, fingering her black frock with an air of dignity.

Mr. Chaney was at once stricken with contrition. "Pray excuse me," he cried. "I hadn't thought of your bein' in mournin'."

"Will you take a cheer, Mr. Chaney?" said Viney, wiping her eyes.

"Wouldn't you call me Jack, as you used to do?" said Mr. Chaney, in a loving manner.

"In de days ob de past," said Viney, "I was too keerless as to what I did."

Jack waived this question, and asked if Viney meant to wear black all her days.

Viney sighed heavily, and declared she ought to do so, if she didn't wear sackcloth and ashes, which Elder Buford had suggested as "more fitten" for such a sinner.

"Elder Buford be hanged!" cried honest Jack. "Now see here, Viney. Ebery dog has his day; don't you think mine has come? I've been pretty good, in my opinion, a-keepin' out ob de way while de church folks was a-takin' hold ob you so powerful. I ain't raisin' no objections ter you bein' converted; relegion is a gre't thing for de ladies. I loves ter hear you singin' in church, though it goes agin me dat Elder Buford should raise de chune, snake in de grass dat he is."

"You mustn't speak ebil of de dignities."

"Not much ob dignities. But here's what I wanted ter say. I think I kep' myse'f a little too much in de backgroun'. I s'pose you done forgot me."

"You neber axed me not to."

"Now, Viney, I'm sure I give you plenty ob hints—hints as big as elephants—as to what you was to me. Sho'ly you knowed, honey, how much I wuz a-lovin' you?"

"I wuz a-thinkin' maybe Sally Pettis wuz the one," said Viney, faintly, telling, alas! an awful fib for a converted sinner.

"*Sally* Pettis!" and deep, dark disgust shone in Jack's face. "Lor, Viney, don't you know dat I wouldn't look at her *in a procession?* Here's de p'int," continued Mr. Chaney—"is all to be ober between us jes' because poor Ally got struck by lightnin'?"

"I'm afeard so, Jack."

"Come, now, don't go an' harden your heart ag'inst me. Nothin' won't bring her back."

"Jack, what made her die?" said Viney, in a hollow voice.

"De will ob de Lord, an' de fac' dat she wuz in de track ob de lightnin'."

"An' what made her in de lightnin's track?"

"Bekase she went to de do' ter git a good light on her sewin'."

"She wuz sewin' fur *me*," cried Viney, "on my pink calico, an', Jack, she wuz *struck down* fur me dat I might be brought to see de errors ob my ways an' save my soul."

"Viney," said Jack, soberly, "I kin tell you dis—de good Lord died fur *us all.* Arter dat does you s'pose any human life would be axed or taken by Him who had give His only Son?"

Viney stared at Jack. How comforting and beautiful his words sounded! But perhaps the evil one was at his elbow, though Preacher Simpkins had once said something like that, only to be overawed by Elder Buford. But she was too dazed to think it all out.

"Well, Jack, you is one ob de onconverted; an' I has been tuk inter de church an' had all my sins washed away."

"Dat's all right, chile. I'll try to make you a decent sort o' husban'."

"But, Jack, you don't see," cried poor Viney, despairingly—"you don't see what I mean: dat de Lord has his eye on you now, an' ef we wuz ter marry an' He couldn't bring you roun' no other ways, I should be struck fur your salvation jest as Ally wuz fur mine."

The murder was out now with a vengeance. For a moment Jack was struck dumb. Then he gave a long whistle. Finally, although Viney's soft black eyes were swimming in tears, in spite of himself he laughed a great laugh. But no smile answered on the face of his beloved.

"See here, Viney," he said at last, "don't you know dat all my family live up in Tipper, an' have always been relegious—reggilar shoutin' Methodists? Why ain't some ob *dem* been struck?"

"Reason enough. You don't keer nothin' about yo' family in Tipper. I don't believe you so much as remembers all deir names."

"Dat's so, chiefly fur de reason dat I was mostly raised by Aunt Chaney Harris. So why warn't Aunt Chaney took? She is powerful fond ob me, an' jes' as pious as folks is ever made. An' I've loved her longer dan I have you—"

"An' maybe better," flashed out Viney, with that quick jealousy of her sex which is ever the wonder, the admiration, the vexation of man.

"No, I couldn't never love nobody half so well. I reckon you is what de song calls de apple ob my eye," said Jack, waxing poetical.

The girl burst into tears. "An' dat is de very reason why I would be de victim. De lightnin's would play roun', an' you would continner in yo' sins, an' it would be good-by to poor Viney. It's too much to ax ob me, Mr. Chaney."

Poor Jack! he was a smart fellow, but he did feel tremendously nonplussed. What was he to do with this impracticable sweetheart?

"I don't expec' ter marry nobody," continued Viney, mournfully. "I'll jest live on here, an' keep house for brother Phil, an' go ter church, an' visit de afflicted, an' go to de house ob mournin'."

"An' you calls dat a pleasant sort ob life?"

"No, Jack," said Viney, with great dignity—"*on*pleasant, but godly."

"As fur keepin' house fur your brother Phil," said the artful Jack, not without malice, "maybe he'll spar you dat trouble. Dar is a widder—a yaller widder livin' over on de east side o' town, dat dey do say makes mighty big eyes at him, an' wouldn't mind a-rulin' an' a-reignin' over here."

"Jack Chaney, you say dat ter my face?"

"Gospel trufe!" nodded Jack.

"An' Sis Ally not cold—not cold!"

"I wouldn't take on about it, honey; but don't you see dis ain't no place fur you? Now I'm puttin' up a pretty little house ob my own, an' you should be queen ob it, ef you'd only say de word. An' as fur de rest, while not wantin' ter say too much, I *would* try, Viney, ter be a good man an' mend my ways jes' fur ter please you."

"Would you jine de church?" said she, eagerly—"would you become a perfesser?"

"Not while old Buford is at the head ob things," cried Jack, coming out of the region of sentiment with a sounding slap on his knee; "I'll be shot if I let myself down to that!"

"You'd better leave," she said; "dar is a great gulf fixed."

Jack rose to go, and with him arose a last, a new inspiration.

"Viney," said he in his most insinuating tones, "what do you think about love, anyhow?"

"I 'ain't thought much about it," said Viney, rising to the occasion like the little sable coquette she was, "bein' too much occupied wid odder matters dat I ain't so knowledgeable maybe as yourse'f," and here she stole a sly glance at Jack.

"Well, I'll tell you *my* opinion," said that artful dodger, "an' it is dis—dat when a man an' a woman *loves* each odder, dey ought to be willin' ter die each *fur* de odder. Fur instuns: ef you wuz married ter me, an' *you* wuz a sinner an' couldn't be no odderhow saved, *I'd be willin' ter be struck by lightnin' forty times over* ter save you—yes I would. An' I expec's my wife ought ter love *me* jes' dat same way."

And now Mr. Chaney felt that he had indeed played his last card.

Poor Viney! Her heart felt torn to pieces. The emotions of the last hour had been too much for her. She felt herself gasping for breath, and rushing to the window, flung it open.

"Oh," she cried, "I wish Sis Ally could give me a *sign*."

At this instant—so Viney and Jack afterward told the tale—a beautiful white bird of unknown kind flew in through the window. Circling fearlessly about the room two or three times, it finally alighted on Jack's shoulder, and allowed him to extend a petting hand.

"Viney," said Jack, in a whisper, "perhaps it's the sperrit of Sis Ally come back to tell us to jine our hearts an' hands."

And then the bird uttered one sweet note, and flew slowly away. "An' we 'ain't set eyes on him sence," Viney would say long after, "dough Jack s'arched de neighborhood, an' I would 'a petted it like a chile ef I could 'a got hold ob it."

They watched the bird's flight until it was lost in the blue above, then turned to each other. One glance at his sweetheart's face; then Jack put his arms around her and gave her a hearty kiss.

Viney was certainly won, but Jack never knew exactly how he had gained his point—whether through superstition, love, or the force of his argument. But they were married about Christmas-time.

Viney has not yet been struck by lightning; and as she has a rapidly increasing family of babies, to each of whom Jack is a slave, her chances of life are proportionally increased.

It is observed, however, that in time of storm she manifests great terror, and always establishes herself and the last baby—Jack's reigning favorite—on a large feather-bed, which Jack has to drag to the centre of the floor.

As for Mr. Chaney, his persuasive tongue was not given him for naught. He became a man of influence among his people, and they very properly sent him to the Legislature. Elder Buford, however, only shakes a woolly head when his name is mentioned, and says:

"A man may be a Greekist or a Latinist, or a member ob de Washington Congress, or a fightist like dat poor critter who, because he didn't hab no mo' worl's to conquer, sot down an' cried an' died; an' *yit* if he 'ain't got de kingdom o' God in his soul, he 'ain't no mo' account dan last year's fennel."

But cheerful Jack only laughs when such speeches come to his ears, and says that a man must draw a line somewhere, and he draws *his* at Elder Buford.

WHAT SOCIAL CLASSES OWE TO EACH OTHER.

By PROFESSOR W. G. SUMNER.

X.

THE CASE OF THE FORGOTTEN MAN FURTHER CONSIDERED.

There is a beautiful notion afloat in our literature and in the minds of our people that men are born to certain "natural rights." If that were true, there would be something on earth which was got for nothing, and this world would not be the place it is at all. The fact is that there is no right whatever inherited by man which has not an equivalent and corresponding duty right alongside of it as the price of it. The rights, advantages, capital, knowledge, and all other goods which we inherit from past generations have been won by the struggles and sufferings of past generations; and the fact that the race lives, though men die, and that the race can by heredity accumulate within some cycle its victories over nature, is one of the facts which make civilization possible. The struggles of the race as a whole produce the possessions of the race as a whole. Something for nothing is not to be found on earth.

If there were such things as natural rights, the question would arise, against whom are they good? Who has the corresponding obligation to satisfy these rights? There can be no rights against nature except to get out of her whatever we can, which is only the fact of the struggle for existence stated over again. The common assertion is that the rights are good against society; that is, that society is bound to obtain them and secure them for the persons interested. Society, however, is only the persons interested plus some other persons; and as the persons interested have by the hypothesis failed to win the rights, we come to this, that natural rights are the claims which certain persons have by prerogative against some other persons. Such is the actual interpretation in practice of natural rights—claims which some people have by prerogative on other people.

This theory is a very far-reaching one, and of course it is adequate to furnish a foundation for a whole social philosophy. In its widest extension it comes to mean that if any man finds himself uncomfortable in this world, it must be somebody else's fault, and that somebody is bound to come and make him comfortable. Now the people who are most uncomfortable in this world (for if we should all tell our troubles it would not be found to be a very comfortable world for anybody) are those who have neglected their duties, and consequently have failed to get their rights. The people who can be called upon to serve the uncomfortable must be those who have done their duty, as the world goes, tolerably well. Consequently the doctrine which we are discussing turns out to be in practice only a scheme for making injustice prevail in human society by reversing the distribution of rewards and punishments between those who have done their duty and those who have not. We are constantly preached at by our public teachers as if respectable people were to blame because some people are not respectable—as if the man who has done his duty in his own sphere was responsible in some way for another man who has not done his duty in his sphere. There are relations of employer and employé which need to be regulated by compromise and treaty. There are sanitary precautions which need to be taken in factories and houses. There are precautions against fire which are necessary. There is care needed that children be not employed too young, and that they have an education. There is care needed that banks, insurance companies, and railroads be well managed, and that officers do not abuse their trusts. There is a duty in each case on the interested parties to defend their own interest. The penalty of neglect is suffering. The system of providing for these things by boards and inspectors throws the cost of it, not on the interested parties, but on the tax-payers. Some of them no doubt are the interested parties, and they may consider that they are exercising the proper care by paying taxes to support an inspector. If so, they only get their fair deserts when the railroad inspector finds out that a bridge is not safe after it is broken down, or when the bank examiner comes in to find out why a bank failed after the cashier has stolen all the funds. The real victim is the Forgotten Man again—the man who has watched his own investments, made his own machinery safe, attended to his own plumbing, and educated his own children, and who, just when he wants to enjoy the fruits of his care, is told that it is his duty to go and take care of some of his negligent neighbors, or if he does not go, to pay an inspector to go. No doubt it is often his interest to go or to send rather than to have the matter neglected, on account of his own connection with the thing neglected, and his own secondary peril, but the point now is that if preaching and philosophizing can do any good in the premises, it is all wrong to preach to the Forgotten Man that it is his duty to go and remedy other people's neglect. It is not his duty. It is a harsh and unjust burden which is laid upon him, and it is only the more unjust because no one thinks of him when laying the burden so that it falls on him. The exhortations ought to be expended on the negligent, that they take care of themselves.

It is an especially vicious extension of the false doctrine above mentioned that criminals have some sort of a right against or claim on society. Many reformatory plans are based on a doctrine of this kind, when they are urged upon the public conscience. A criminal is a man who, instead of working with and for the society, has turned against it, and become destructive and injurious. His punishment means that society rules him out of its membership, and separates him from its association, by execution or imprisonment, according to the gravity of his offense. He has no claims against society at all. What shall be done with him is a question of expediency to be settled in view of the interests of society, that is, of the non-criminals. The French writers of the school of '48 used to represent the badness of the bad men as the fault of "society." As the object of this statement was to show that the badness of the bad men was not the fault of the bad men, and as society contains only good men and bad men, it followed that the badness of the bad men was the fault of the good men. On that theory of course the good men owed a great deal to the bad men who were in prison and at the galleys on their account. If we do not admit that theory, it behooves us to remember that any claim which we allow to the criminal against the "state" is only so much burden laid upon those who have never cost the state anything for discipline or correction. The punishments of society are just like those of God and nature. They are warnings to the wrong-doer to reform himself.

When public offices are to be filled, numerous candidates at once appear. Some are urged on the ground that they are poor, or can not earn a living, or want support while getting an education, or have female relatives dependent on them, or are in poor health, or belong in a particular district, or are related to certain persons, or have done meritorious service in some other line of work than that which they apply to do. The abuses of the public service are to be condemned on account of the harm to the public interest, but there is an incidental injustice of the same general character with those which we are discussing. If an office is granted by favoritism or for any personal reason to A, it can not be given to B. If an office is filled by a person who is unfit for it, he always keeps out somebody somewhere who is fit for it; that is, the social injustice has a victim in an unknown person—the Forgotten Man—and he is some person who has no political influence, and who has known no way in which to secure the chances of life except to deserve them. He is passed by for the noisy, pushing, importunate, and incompetent.

I have said something disparagingly in a previous paper about the popular rage against combined capital, corporations, corners, selling futures, etc., etc. The popular rage is not without reason, but it is sadly misdirected, and the real things which deserve attack are thriving all the time. The greatest social evil with which we have to contend is jobbery. Whatever there is in legislative charters, watering stocks, etc., etc., which is objectionable, comes under the head of jobbery. Jobbery is any scheme which aims to gain, not by the legitimate fruits of industry and enterprise, but by extorting from somebody a part of his product under guise of some pretended industrial undertaking. Of course it is only a modification when the undertaking in question has some legitimate character, but the occasion is used to graft upon it devices for obtaining what has not been earned. Jobbery is the vice of plutocracy, and it is the especial form under which plutocracy corrupts a democratic and republican form of government. The United States is deeply afflicted with it, and the problem of civil liberty here is to conquer it. It affects everything which we really need to have done to such an extent that we have to do without public objects which we need through fear of jobbery. Our public buildings are jobs, not always, but often. They are not needed, or are costly beyond all necessity or even decent luxury. Internal improvements are jobs. They are not made because they are needed to meet needs which have been experienced. They are made to serve private ends, often incidentally the political interests of the persons who vote the appropriations. Pensions have become jobs. In England pensions used to be given to aristocrats, because aristocrats had political influence, in order to corrupt them. Here pensions are given to the great democratic mass, because they have political power, to corrupt them. Instead of going out where there is plenty of land and making a farm there, some people go down under the Mississippi River to make a farm, and then they want to tax all the people in the United States to make dikes to keep the river off their farms. The California gold miners have washed out gold and have washed the dirt down into the rivers and on the farms below. They want the Federal government to now clean out the rivers and restore the farms. The silver miners found their product declining in value, and they got the Federal government to go into the market and buy what the public did not want in order to sustain (as they hoped) the price of silver. The Federal government is called upon to buy or hire unsalable ships, to build canals which will not pay, to furnish capital for all sorts of experiments, and to provide capital for enterprises of which private individuals will win the profits. All this is called "developing our resources," but it is, in truth, the great plan of all living on each other.

The greatest job of all is a protective tariff. It includes the biggest log-rolling and the widest corruption of economic and political ideas. It was said that there would be a rebellion if the taxes were not taken off whiskey and tobacco, which taxes are paid into the public Treasury. Just then the importations of Sumatra tobacco became important enough to affect the market. The Connecticut tobacco-growers at once called for an import duty on tobacco which would keep up the price of their product. So it appears that if the tax on tobacco is paid to the Federal Treasury there will be a rebellion, but if it is paid to the Connecticut tobacco-raisers there will be no rebellion at all. The farmers have long paid tribute to the manufacturers; now the manufacturing and other laborers are to pay tribute to the farmers. The system is made more comprehensive and complete, and we are all living on each other more than ever.

Now the plan of plundering each other produces nothing. It only wastes. All the material over which the protected interests wrangle and grab must be got from somebody outside of their circle. The talk is all about the American laborer and American industry, but in every case in which there is not an actual production of wealth by industry there are two laborers and two industries to be considered—the one who gets, and the one who gives. Every protected industry has to plead as the major premise of its argument that any industry which does not pay *ought* to be carried on at the expense of the consumers of the product, and as its minor premise that the industry in question does not pay; that is, that it can not reproduce a capital equal in value to that which it consumes plus the current rate of profit. Hence every such industry must be a parasite on some other industry. What is the other industry? Who is the other man? That is the real question, and it is always overlooked.

In all jobbery the case is the same. There is a victim somewhere who is paying for it all. The doors of waste and extravagance stand open, and there seems to be a general agreement to squander and spend. It all belongs to somebody. There is somebody who had to contribute it, and who will have to find more. Nothing is ever said about him. Attention is all absorbed by the clamorous interests, the importunate petitioners, the plausible schemers, the pitiless bores. Now who is the victim? He is the Forgotten Man. If we go to find him, we shall find him hard at work tilling the soil to get out of it the fund for all the jobbery, the object of all the plunder, the cost of all the economic quackery, and the pay of all the politicians and statesmen who have sacrificed his interests to his enemies. We shall find him an honest, sober, industrious citizen, unknown outside his little circle, paying his debts and his taxes, supporting the church and the school, reading his party newspaper, and cheering for his pet politician.

We must not overlook the fact that the Forgotten Man is not infrequently a woman. If we should forget that we should not half deal with our subject. The Forgotten Woman is more thoroughly forgotten than the Forgotten Man, and her case is a great deal worse. I am told that there are sewing women who work twelve hours a day for fifty cents a day, and provide the thread. For such a woman the thread costs, as near as may be, one hour's labor. In the price of the thread one and three-quarter cents are tax. If the woman uses a spool of thread a day, she must work fifteen minutes every day to pay the tax. This labor, then, she spends, not to get the thread, for she could get the thread without it, but to get the Willimantic Linen Mill, which is not an institution, therefore, for getting thread for the American people, but for making it harder for us to get thread than it would be if there were no such concern. The mill and its operatives make a great effect on the imagination. The sewing women, the farmers' wives, and the laborers' wives and daughters who are scattered in all the garrets of the great cities and in all the humble homes of the country are paying for it all, and they are all forgotten.

It is plain that the Forgotten Man and the Forgotten Woman are the real productive strength of the country. The Forgotten Man works and votes—generally he prays—but his chief business in life is to pay. His name never gets into the newspapers except when he marries or dies. He is an obscure man. He may grumble sometimes to his wife, but he does not frequent the grocery, and he does not talk politics at the tavern. So he is forgotten. Yet who is there whom the statesman, economist, and social philosopher ought to think of before this man? If any student of social science comes to appreciate the case of the Forgotten Man, he will become an unflinching advocate of strict scientific thinking in sociology, and a hard-hearted skeptic as regards any scheme of social amelioration. He will always want to know, Who and where is the Forgotten Man in this case, who will have to pay for it all?

The Forgotten Man is not a pauper. It belongs to his character to save something. Hence he is a capitalist, though never a great one. He is a "poor" man in the popular sense of the word, but not in a correct sense. In fact, one of the most constant and trustworthy signs that the Forgotten Man is in danger of a new assault is that "the poor man" is brought into the discussion. Since the Forgotten Man has some capital, any one who cares for his interest will try to make capital secure by securing the inviolability of contracts, the stability of currency, and the firmness of credit. Any one, therefore, who cares for the Forgotten Man will be sure to be considered a friend of the capitalist and an enemy of the poor man.

The road to social improvement to-day is very clear. It is to relieve the Forgotten Man of some of his burdens.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE device of the Indians who burn pine knots on the bows of their canoes and stand with uplifted spears to strike the fishes that are attracted by the light has been improved upon. Professor Baird's expedition carries an apparatus which consists of three incandescent electric lights of sixteen-candle-power each, inclosed in a glass globe capable of resisting the pressure of the water at a great depth. This globe is to be sunk in the sea, and the water illuminated by turning on the electric current. It is expected that all sorts of "queer fish" from the lower depths will be attracted to it. Then a net ten feet in diameter at its mouth, sunk below the glowing ball, will be drawn up, capturing such of the finny tribe as have lingered around the strange light to gratify their curiosity.

In No. 91 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, published July 26, 1881, the little readers of that paper were asked to send in their contributions for the purpose of endowing a cot in St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, New York. The amount specified was $3000, and the treasurer of the fund announces that it has been wholly paid in. Her final report will appear in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 183, May 1, 1883. The children deserve great praise for the ardor with which they have worked to gain Harper's Young People's Cot.

A resident of Hartford, Connecticut, gave permission to a telephone company to string its wires temporarily across the roof of a building which he owned. Then an extension of time was asked for and obtained by the company, the limit being named. When the time expired the company did not remove the wires nor heed the house-owner's warning that he would remove them if they were not taken away within a specified period. He cut the wires, and the company brought suit to recover damages. The jury, after twenty minutes' deliberation, made a verdict in the house-owner's favor. The result of the action settles, for the time being, an interesting question.

About six weeks ago several ladies got together and proposed to redeem the ill fortunes of the Bartholdi Statue Fund by getting up some entertainment of an amateur nature. The version of Tennyson's "Princess" prepared by Professor Shields, of Princeton, was adopted as a good vehicle for declamation and stage effects, and Mrs. James B. Potter promised to play the title rôle. The effort has been beset with difficulties, and yet the ladies persevered. The result promises to be very fine, and, with the addition of another little drama, the afternoons of April 25, 26, and 27 will be full of interest. The play comes off at the Madison Square Theatre at three o'clock on those days. The ladies have invited the President to occupy a stage box on the afternoon of Friday, the 27th. The Central Committee of the Bartholdi Statue Fund have written a complimentary note to the ladies, have thanked them for their "spirited action." Although the size of the theatre precludes the making of a very large sum of money, the ladies hope for a substantial result for their six weeks' toil and infinite worry.

A writer, describing some of the especially interesting features of the private library of Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, says that among the books is a copy of Tom Hood's *Comic Annual* for 1842, from the library of Charles Dickens. It contains an inscription in Hood's handwriting, which, the writer says, is published for the first time. It runs as follows:

> "Pshaw! away with leaf and berry
> And the sober-sided cup!
> Bring a goblet and bright sherry,
> And a bumper fill me up.
> Though I had a pledge to shiver,
> And the longest ever was,
> Ere his vessel leaves our river,
> I will drink a health to Boz.
>
> "Here's success to all his antics,
> Since it pleases him to roam,
> And to paddle o'er Atlantics,
> After such a *sale* at home.
> May he shun all rocks whatever,
> And the shallow sand that lurks,
> And his passage be as clever
> As the best among his works!"

A private secretary is described as "the person who makes everything public."

It is customary in New England for the Mayors of cities to preside over the Memorial-day services. The Mayor of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was an officer in the Confederate army, and the question has been raised whether he can with propriety take the most prominent part in the exercises of the day. The Boston *Herald* offers this suggestion: "If anybody ought to be able to feel and show respect for our brave soldiers, it is an officer of the army against which they fought, and which they finally crushed."

Complaint is made in Boston because of an alleged loose way of claiming descent from persons who were of the only original band of Pilgrims—with an "upper-case" P. There were *Mayflowers* and *Mayflowers*, it is explained, and even *the Mayflower* made a dozen voyages, thus bringing several bands of pilgrims who were not first chop, so to speak.

The Prison Association of New York, of which Dr. Theodore W. Dwight is president, finds that of fifty-nine county jails not more than six are in good condition. In only eight are children separated from adults; the number in which convicts are kept wholly apart from the unconvicted is only seven; and in more than half of the jails the sexes are not entirely separated. The jail system of this State is declared to be in no better condition than that of England a century ago, and to be a disgrace to civilization and to the commonwealth. The Association is in need of money with which to carry on its work. Its office is at 65 Bible House, in this city.

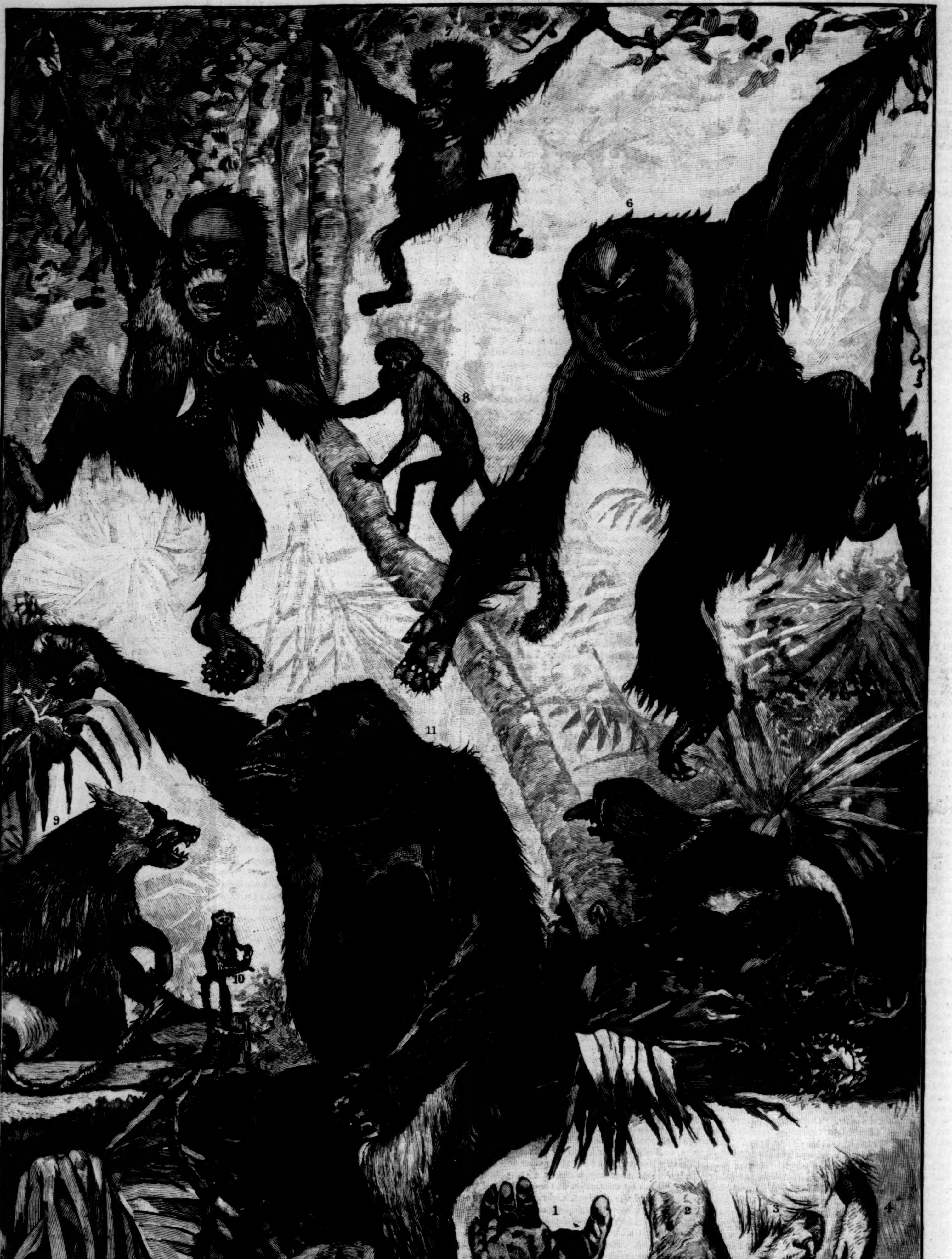
In the past twenty years the Working-Women's Protective Union has done much for a class which is growing larger every year in the metropolis. Its benefits are conferred free of cost, and the expenses of the Union—about five thousand dollars a year—are paid from the fund of voluntary contributions. No salaries are paid to its officers. Its objects are "to prevent frauds and impositions upon working-women, and to secure for them, free of all cost or expense, honest pay for honest work; to seek employment for the unemployed, and to open to them, when possible, new fields of labor hitherto unoccupied by women." The office of the Union has been lately removed from 38 Bleecker Street to 19 Clinton Place.

A diplomate was criticising the system of government of an Eastern country. "Why," he said to the Grand Vizier, "not a single one of your Sultans has died in his bed during the last two hundred years."

"You mistake, sir," was the reply; "four of them have died in their beds during that period, though I must admit that in each case the royal sleeper was found with the mattress on top of him."

Says a Mississippi paper: "He made a most excellent matrimonial insurance agent, and we can not see why he would not make a wise and able legislator."

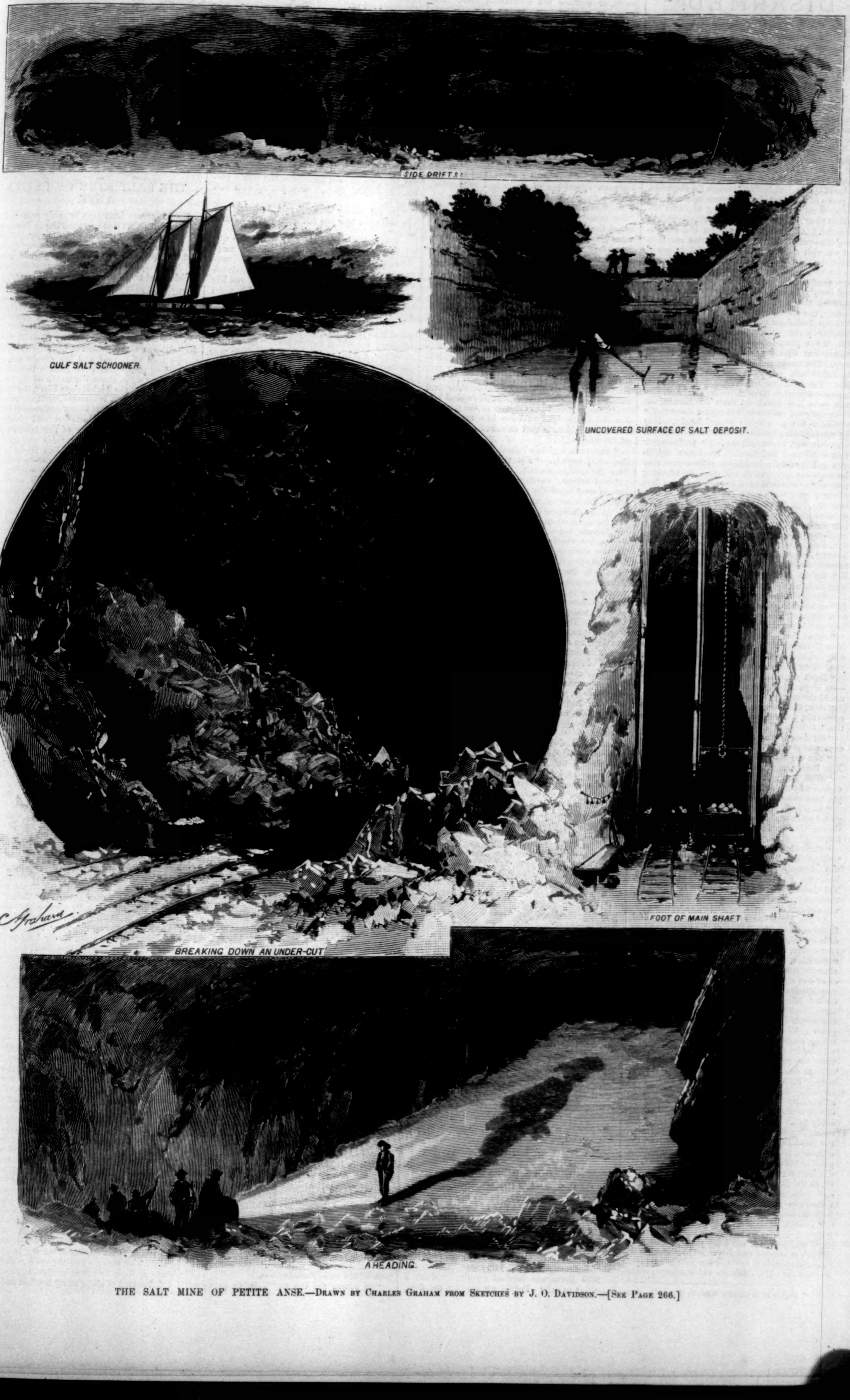
Not all the mechanical ingenuity of Russia has been employed of late in devising infernal machines for the destruction of royalty. An ingenious Jew, a watchmaker in Kichenev, has devoted two years to constructing a clock which he will offer to the Czar and Czarina immediately after their coronation. At certain hours it plays the anthem "God Protect the Czar," and gives a mimic representation of the coronation. As it strikes the hour two doors fly open, and a model of the Cathedral of the Assumption in Moscow, where the ceremony takes place, is disclosed. Then the gates of the cathedral open. In the interior the Metropolitan of the city, surrounded by gorgeously robed dignitaries, awaits the entrance of the Czar and Czarina, and sprinkles them with holy water when they arrive at the altar. The Czar thereupon takes the crown from the hands of the Metropolitan and places it on his own head, and then places another crown on the brow of his consort, after which the doors of the cathedral close.



1. Bottom of Gorilla's foot. 2. Back of Gorilla's hand. 3. Orang-Outang's foot. 4. Orang-Outang's hand. 5, 6, 7. Mamma, Papa, and Baby Orang-Outangs, from Borneo. 8. Bearded Saki, South America. 9. Tartarin, North Africa. 10. Marmoset. 11. Male Gorilla. 12. Proboscis Monkey, Borneo.

REMARKABLE QUADRUMANA AT THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK CITY.

Drawn by Daniel Beard.—[See Page 267.]



SIDE DRIFTS.

GULF SALT SCHOONER.

UNCOVERED SURFACE OF SALT DEPOSIT.

BREAKING DOWN AN UNDER-CUT.

FOOT OF MAIN SHAFT.

A HEADING.

THE SALT MINE OF PETITE ANSE.—Drawn by Charles Graham from Sketches by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 266.]

"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvestres; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

The like of Valerian and his rigadoons had never been seen in those parts, and although in his latest achievement he was always said to have surpassed himself, here praise stopped short for want of a word.

What so like one fashionable masquerade as another? But when at a signal from the master of the ceremonies the band sounded, and Mr. Constantine led Miss Hermitage, both in the costume of Queen Anne's time, through the rhythmical paces of a minuet, drawing-room etiquette was for once set at naught, and ringing applause filled the place. Youth and beauty felt themselves eclipsed. All eyes were fixed on the antique exquisite pair treading their measures so exactly, yet with such stateliness and dainty grace. Exquisite they both certainly were, and not only as far as dress was concerned. If Miss Hermitage wanted Mr. Constantine's perfect features and ivory complexion, there was still a likeness between them. The faultless build, the small stature, the correct carriage, were hers also, and Arthura had done the business of dressing so beautifully that there was no outward inferiority. As a picture Miss Hermitage could bear comparison with her cousin, but as a picture only. The sumptuous little old lady in hoop and brocade nicely matched her no less superb cavalier. The fire animating Mr. Constantine's physiognomy lacked in Miss Hermitage's. Two vessels were here fashioned after one mould, but from different materials, and whilst through the alabaster the pure flame burned bright, feebly by comparison glimmered the wick through the clay. It was, above all, the little performance that captivated lookers-on. Handsome old ladies and gentlemen in antiquated costumes may be seen any day, but to see them do anything precisely as it would have been done in the days of our great-grandfathers is wholly another matter. Mr. Constantine had been one of the most finished dancers of his time. Miss Hermitage had never been taught any other accomplishment but the dance, and could go through her steps and courtesies to perfection. The pair, bowing and courtesying to each other when the minuet was over, afforded a piquant spectacle. For the life of them people could not help clapping their hands and shouting.

"Our last appearance in the world, most likely," said Mr. Constantine, as he led his companion to a chair. "The next new clothes we have to buy may be much simpler."

"Speak for yourself, if you please," retorted Miss Hermitage. "Though, if you had left me a legacy, and I wanted it, I should have to poison you. You look wiriness itself."

"Don't you really feel ghost-like sometimes?—as if you belonged to a world of shadows?" asked the other, playfully.

"Now, Constantine, if you make yourself disagreeable, you shall come to no more of my parties."

"My dear Christina, how many more do you expect to give?"

"You are older than I am, ten years at least," Miss Hermitage made tart reply.

"Well, let us not quarrel. I am longing for a glass of your well-remembered Madeira. Will you bear me company to the buffet?"

"No; I am well pleased to sit still; you must go by yourself," was the reply; whereupon Mr. Constantine made a stately reverence and left her.

"How unpleasant Constantine is at times!" thought Miss Hermitage. "Like Stephana, always harping on disagreeable topics. I do believe life might be perfect without relatives. Yet Constantine and Stephana can be vastly entertaining when they choose. I could not do without them."

As she spoke her eye rested on the beautiful figure of Stephana, at that moment the cynosure of many eyes. She was sitting beside the blind story-teller, and, utterly unconscious of general admiration, was describing one gorgeous figure after another, as the dancers flashed by in dresses of the olden time. Now, strange although it may appear, the effect of Stephana's description on her blind companion soon became a much more vivid impression to the by-standers than the spectacle itself. The outward, visible pageant before them, so alert with life and movement, so aglow with color and richness, lost somewhat of its charm and reality, and all were bent upon the realization of the scene through the delicate poetic medium of a blind man's perceptions. Perhaps, indeed, none of us see things so vividly as those who behold them by the aid of memory or imagination only. Stephana but described the hues and lustres we may look on every day. Her listener saw with the inner eye something maybe of the splendor that irradiated the blind prophet of Patmos. And just as the crimsons, the purples, the gold and gems, now passing before him became a thousandfold more dazzling, thus exaggerated by a blind man's fancy, so the little crowd of listeners saw what their own eyes could never have revealed to them. Lukewarm appreciation was changed to deep, æsthetic insight.

"I see it all," said the story-teller, breathing a sigh of enjoyment as the dance ended. "And now, dear lady, tell me what your own dress is like. Yet stay—I can divine. These sumptuous peacock splendors are not for you: only white, and not the white of snows and sea-foam; something pearly and pensive; and for jewels only pearls, or perhaps the melancholy opal. No flashes, no scintillations. Only your eyes, deep, dark, unutterable, to make a glory of the picture."

"You shall fancy what you please," said Stephana, smiling. "Now tell me what brought you from your beloved Italy?"

"Ah," he replied, "my answer is easy enough. But your own to the same question, which I have been tempted to put a dozen times? You had a mission in Italy. Sin and mystery claimed you."

"Are not sin and mystery everywhere?" asked Stephana.

"Hardly here," he made reply. "It seems to me that you have planted yourself in just the kind of world to make us forget their very existence. Since I came to this place I have breathed an air of perpetual light-hearted enjoyment. No need, surely, for a revealer of dark secrets, an apocalypse of doom and retribution, here."

Stephana smiled away the grave question. "But misery at least is to be found in every corner of the earth. You may perhaps hear of me as an evangelist among the fisher folk? If I undertake to preach sermons for the good of my fellows, will you tell stories?"

"You have anticipated my reply to your first question," he said, quite seriously. "What else, indeed, can a blind man do? And why should not story-telling be a medium of spiritual instruction as well as the printer's block? Now I do not know if it has ever struck you, but it has long weighed upon my own mind, and painfully and imperiously—a conviction that must sooner or later take the shape of deed—how few, comparatively speaking, of even civilized human beings, realize the music there may be in the human voice. Most folks, at least English-speaking folks, hear once in their lives the music of the sea. Some sort of musical harmony, too, is brought to the door of the meanest. But the subtle spell that lies in a rare human voice, how seldom is that exercised on the souls of the masses!"

"And such a gift is indeed yours," answered Stephana, eagerly. "Not the gift alone; you have the spell to use it."

"So I believe," answered her companion, in a tone of deep humility. "A blind man, above all others, has constant need of fellowship and sympathy. In darkness none can live alone. I have put the question to myself, Might not story-telling become not only a medium of social intercourse, but absolutely a career, an avocation? Outside the pulpit, outside the tribune, what a field lies open for him who would move the souls of men by the magic of fastidious, impassioned, flawless speech! For the most part, to what dull, gross uses is put the human voice! Listen on the threshold of a tavern, a cottage parlor, any place in which average humanity is congregated together. The language is mean enough, but the manner is more deplorable still. Never once will you hear an exquisite word."

"A beautiful ambition!" replied Stephana. "And of course your stories will point a moral?"

"Was ever any story written by reasonable man or woman without a moral? Therefore, dearest lady, you will picture me and hear of me as a wanderer stopping wherever he can get a dozen folks to listen to him, or even one; for I shall not only accept invitations to frolicsome places, but to hospices, deathly silent but for the groan of pain, and to lonely chambers of poor sick men. Think of what a story may do for one blank day! Nor will sin fright me. Shall I not be as safe in the dens of vice as yourself? for I have heard of a certain angel that troubles the waters—" He broke off with a rapturous expression, and added, still using Italian, and speaking in under-tones: "Ah! If I might but be as that angel's attendant shadow!—ministrant I dare not say: to whom can a blind man minister? But if we could only go through the world hand in hand, you to speak to men's consciences, I to their hearts, what happiness would life still have in store for me!" And lower and lower still he dropped his voice: "Did you not know it? I could not stay behind. Italy was not Italy without you."

Before Stephana had time to reply, if indeed she intended to make any, Valerian came up petitioning for a story. Nothing else would now satisfy Miss Hermitage and her guests.

So, leaning against the mantel-piece, his tall, attenuated figure wearing almost a look of shadowy unsubstantiality, his pale rapt face riveted as it seemed on some spot from whence light should come, he looked as strange and out of place among these careless masqueraders as Stephana herself. It was, indeed, perhaps the contemplation of the narrator as much as the wild weird story he now told with such quiet insinuating eloquence that struck the fancy of his listeners.

When he ended there was a ringing shout of applause. Miss Hermitage went straight to her guest with bluntest thanks.

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Marksham. Really what a pity it is you are not some poor under-graduate in search of a livelihood! I would give you handsome wages, and you should tell me a story every day of my life."

CHAPTER VII.

"Ah, Arthura," said Miss Hermitage, when the flushed, triumphant girl came to her patroness's unrobing, "what should I do without you? Your comments on these evenings is the best part of them."

"Are they really?" Arthura asked. Then, as she took off one ornament after another from the gold brocade, she said, "Who got the most admiration to-night, you or I?"

Miss Hermitage laughed grimly. "What a question to ask! People admire you, my dear, because you are young and handsome, and me because I am a rich old woman they can get something out of."

"But it is all admiration, and foolish compliments may as well be paid to one's pocket as one's self. What difference can it make?" laughed Arthura, gayly.

"You are in extravagant spirits to-night. I am sure you have been quarrelling with Valerian. You may try to crush him. You never will," Miss Hermitage said. "But quarrel as much as you please, so long as you do it amusingly."

"I do not want to crush any one," Arthura replied. "But if any one, why not Mr. Valerian?"

"Because he is a man and you are a woman. That is why."

Arthura laughed in merry scorn.

"If Mr. Valerian were not a man I could like him well enough."

"Well, we can not transform him into a parrot, like Judas. So you must put up with him as he is."

"Do tell me, my Gossip," said Arthura, "can you remember how you felt when you first fell in love?"

"What next, Miss Malapert? I wonder why it is that your impertinence never displeases me?"

"Is not impertinence common-sense, and common-sense Christian feeling?" asked the undaunted Arthura. "Why should I not treat you like a human being, just because you are rich and I am poor? I am sure, were you in my place, you would ask such a question."

"Why, you are not falling in love, are you?" asked Miss Hermitage, glancing at the sparkling, animated apparition before her. "Be warned, Arthura. Falling in love would be ruin to your prospects."

Arthura but grew more and more gaysome. She actually stooped down and kissed the tip of Miss Hermitage's nose. Never before had she ventured on such a caress, but it was not taken amiss.

"Why should you throw yourself away on a curate, when I give you the pay of three? No, my dear, stay with me, and amuse me," Miss Hermitage said.

"But I can do that and fall in love too."

Then she threw herself playfully on her knees before her patroness, and asked in a tone of entreaty:

"A favor, a favor, or I stay here all night. May I go home to-morrow to get a peep at my darlings?"

"If Valerian makes no objection, certainly. What is the programme?"

"Expectation is the better half of enjoyment, as the spider said before swallowing the fly. Wait and see, dear mistress. But I am not wanted."

"I can hardly believe that. Still, if Valerian raises no objection, go and see your step-mother and the children by all means. But home early, remember."

"May I settle it all with Mr. Valerian?" asked the girl.

"Yes, settle it with Valerian," Miss Hermitage made answer. "Though what pleasure you can see in going to London for an hour or two this cold weather I can not conceive. But now tell me amusing things. What did people say and do worth repeating to-night?"

"If it were only possible to be as clever as some people are stupid! But I won't be ill-natured, except to the curates. And Mr. Barham—well, can you imagine what Mr. Barham said?"

But her listener had dozed off, and Arthura glided away, the tire-woman replacing her. Still radiant and wide-awake, she went down-stairs to look for Valerian. He had just lighted Mademoiselle Colette's candle, and the pair were bidding each other good-night when she entered the dining-room, bringing so much freshness and beauty with her that they could but look up admiringly. Yes, this dark-haired, dark-eyed Arthura, with her rich complexion and easily acquired sumptuousness of dress, was a picture worth looking at just then. She might indeed wear anything, and be in any mood. But the dash of wild spirits no less than the gown, red as a cardinal's mantle, became her mightily.

She went straight up to Valerian, and dropping a courtesy, asked, with the prettiest house-maid's simper in the world,

"Please, sir, may I have a day out to-morrow?"

"What have you done to deserve it?" he asked, looking in the best possible humor also.

"You can spare me," she said, now herself again; "I am not wanted to-morrow. Do, Mr. Valerian, for once be amiable to me."

"Oh, be friends," interposed Colette. "I am sure you might like each other if you only tried. Do begin this very day. Let her go home, Mr. Valerian, and she will show her gratitude by being friendly to you ever after."

"I make no conditions," frowned Arthura. "The day's holiday is in the bond."

"Not any especial day," said Valerian, teasingly.

"I will have to-morrow or none," was the vindictive reply.

"Oh, dear Arthura—oh, Mr. Valerian—do not begin quarrelling! You were quite pleasant to each other this evening. I watched you."

"We must be civil before the world.—No, Arthura, it is inconvenient to me to spare you to-morrow. Ask me some other time."

"Never again," Arthura said, as she took up her candle sulkily and made for the door.

"Dear Mr. Valerian," put in Colette, "she looks terribly disappointed. Why not say yes? Stay, Arthura; I am sure he will say yes."

But Arthura vanished quickly as she had come.

"Let me go to her with the permission. She is young. She clings to her step brothers and sisters. Remember that this is not her home," pleaded the little Frenchwoman.

"Of course she can go," Valerian answered, with perfect good nature. "But it does me good to see that girl in a passion. She is really very handsome."

"One would think women were only made to be looked at from the way men talk of beauty. She has a heart of gold; that is really something worth mentioning. But good-night, Mr. Valerian. I will do anything that in me lies to fill her place to-morrow. I must now let the poor child have the happy news to sleep upon."

"Good-night, Mademoiselle Colette. Tell Arthura, no more holidays for her unless she comes back in a tractable spirit. Henceforth all favors to depend on good behavior."

"Indeed I shall say no such thing. I will not aid and abet you in spoiling a generous temper. The sin be on your own head."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SALT MINE OF PETITE ANSE.

Southwestern Louisiana is justly regarded as the garden of that State, and the Bayou Teche the picturesque water-path into its delights. Longfellow in his "Evangeline" has in clear outline and brilliant coloring given to the world a truthful description of its dreamy bayous, sepia-tinted prairies, and Druid oaks. The subject is fully as luxurious as were the poet's imaginings, and those who are familiar with this land of the Attakapas Indians are lost in wonder at Mr. Longfellow's accuracy of delineation, knowing he never had visited the land he so graphically paints.

Our artist on the little steamer *Susie B*, of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, has penetrated this fertile land of flowers, and has caught some of its curious pictures and remarkable formations. About sixty miles above the mouth of the Teche, where it enters the Atchafalaya River, the thrifty town of New Iberia is situated, built on the site of New Town, one of the oldest settlements in the State. Within its precincts are still preserved many of the quaint houses of the Acadian settlers, with their low slooping roofs and cool verandas. Eight miles south of New Iberia is the island, as it is called, of Petite Anse—a remarkable elevation in the sea-marsh bordering the bay of Vermilion. Nowhere on this continent has nature built such a storehouse of salt as is here found—a formation which even to the present has not been accounted for by the most proficient of our geologists. Petite Anse, as one approaches it over the level prairie, looms up in the distance, a thickly wooded series of hills, whose highest elevation is 180 feet above sea-level. Here and there gorges of orange sand barely visible between the trees indicate that its soil bears no relation to the black earth of the surrounding country, and kindles the curiosity at its unlooked-for presence in the almost limitless sea-marsh which fringes the coast of Louisiana. In extent the island is about three miles square, and contains 2240 *arpents*, the old Spanish measure generally adopted here. Formerly occupied by Indians, of whom traces are found on every side, tradition has it that owing to some terrible calamity within the memory of its earliest settlers the red men refused to make it a place of habitation, and no inducement would prevail upon them to revisit the spot. A number of artificial mounds are found upon it, and exploitations have brought to light arrow-heads, baskets, war-paint, and tomahawks, once the property of the prehistoric dwellers.

The first authentic history of this strange upheaval—for it is generally conceded that it was an upheaval—comes from one John Hays, hunter and trapper, who squatted on its hills in the latter portion of the last century. In the year 1791, whilst out after deer, he discovered there a salt spring, the brine from which was soon afterward manufactured into salt. The supply of this brine was too limited for profitable manufacture, and the spring was neglected until 1812, when the high price of salt, on account of our war with Great Britain, gave an impetus to its production, and small works were operated until 1815, when the cessation of hostilities lowered the price of that article of prime necessity. Judge D. D. Avery, who subsequently became the owner of the island, in 1861, after the establishment of the blockade of Southern ports, commenced boiling the water from the spring long neglected, and as salt was scarce throughout that section, all the product of his factory was eagerly sought for. To increase the production it was resolved to enlarge the well, and hands were engaged in that work, when an obstruction was met. Mr. John M. Avery, son of the proprietor of the island, in 1862 descended to the bottom of the well, and whilst striking the hard object impeding the digging, chipped off a piece of transparent rock-salt. An investigation followed, and a solid bed of salt was found. A report was made to the Confederate government, and mining commenced. Borings show that the deposit underlies about 150 acres of surface area, and wherever struck was identical in quality. The depth of the deposit is unknown, but already 115 feet of solid rock-salt has been penetrated; and as the workings show the stratification to be nearly perpendicular, the indications are that its present width was its original depth, and its present depth beyond conjecture. The floor of the present workings is 140 feet from the surface, the shaft penetrating 25 feet of surface soil and 115 feet of salt, of which 50 feet is left for a roof.

As this level alone will yield 15,000,000 tons, the supply may be considered almost inexhaustible. This salt, which is now being mined by a New York company, is of the purest quality, and, strange to say, chemical analyses show the entire absence of many of the invariable constituents of sea water. The manner of mining is by driving galleries or tunnels into the solid rock-salt, and crossing these by others at right angles, giving a width to each of about thirty-five feet and a height of seventy feet. The salt is blasted out with dynamite by miners imported from the salt mines of Strassfurth. After it is mined it is carried on a tramway to the shaft, and hoisted to a platform some sixty feet above the ground, where it is dumped into a powerful rock-crusher, which reduces it to a suitable size. It thence descends into a bin, which in turn supplies three ordinary mills, as shown in the illustration. The present yield is about 250 tons per day, including the coarse for packing and fine for table use.

---

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1373.

The descent to the mine is made on the platform used in hoisting the salt cars, and when the bottom of the shaft is reached it requires some time for the eye to accustom itself to the darkness. Down the broad galleries miners' lights flit about, tiny fire-flies in this subterranean night. The salt crystals of wall and roof reflect their rays on all sides with wonderful brilliancy; and as the chambers were illuminated by a locomotive head-light on the occasion of our artist's descent, the pure white rock-salt was brought out with ghostly effect. Salt was everywhere. The floor was solid salt; walls, roof, above, below, and on either side, one vast cavern of this valuable deposit. The advance of the chambers is made by under-cutting or blasting out for a considerable distance a space about eight feet from the floor, and then blowing down this overhanging mass as it is needed for shipment.

Whilst the visitors were watching our artist sketching a group of miners boring in an undercut, suddenly a sharp crack was heard, like the explosion of a musket cap, and this was almost immediately followed by a deep roar, as of the sound of an earthquake. The sound was dull, heavy, and tremulous, vibrating from gallery to gallery, accompanied by rapid concussions and an unpleasant pressure on the tympanum of the ear. The very foundations of the earth seemed to tremble, and little bits of salt, long after the sound had died away in a dry musical cascade, fell from the roof and sides. Hardly had the first report ceased its reverberations when it was followed by another, and another, until the mine was shivering with sound. A convulsion of nature could have been hardly more grand and awe-inspiring. The surprise of the party caused much merriment to the phlegmatic miners, who had gathered from an adjacent chamber, where the dynamite blasts had been fired.

Some two hundred yards from the present shaft another has just been opened, about sixty feet square and about thirty in depth, to the upper surface of the salt. This is intended for ventilation, and is of itself a curiosity. The exposed salt—so pure is its condition—resembles a sheet of smooth ice, and looking down upon it one can hardly believe that it is salt, and not clear water in a frozen state. In digging this, but a week or more ago, the workmen unearthed the bones of a huge mastodon, some of the teeth of which weighed over five pounds each, and the thigh-bone was over nine inches in diameter. Just above the mastodon was found a large amount of Indian crockery, some of which was ornamented with imitation of basket-work and circles. An ivory horn not unlike that of the rhinoceros was also discovered. These curiosities are to be forwarded to the Smithsonian Institution for examination.

Leading up to this singular island from Vermilion Bay, an arm of the Gulf of Mexico, with graceful curves, a silver ribbon on the brown sea-marsh, comes the serpentine Bayou Petite Anse (Little Cove), affording water communication for the fleet of salt vessels to New York, Galveston, and New Orleans. A tramway runs from the mine down to the wharf on the bayou, a mile distant, where are large quarters for the hands engaged in loading the craft. Looking seaward from the high hills, the distant waters of the bay are just visible, a thin steel rim on the horizon, whilst the intervening space is spread out a long low level of reeds and grasses, dotted with groups of live-oaks forming islands of foliage, or *chênières*, as they here are called. Some five miles to the northwest, just peeping above the cool green forest, the handsome residence of Mr. Joseph Jefferson can be seen, his delightful retreat where he enjoys his respite from the stage. Shoreward the Attakapas Prairie lies in its carpet of apple green, stretching off into hazy invisibility, with herds of cattle and horses roaming about in blissful freedom, mere specks to the eye. Here and there a newly fenced field, with its modest cottage, tells of freshly arrived settlers, and just beyond these the spires of New Iberia show their points above the live-oaks.

On the island the scenery is unlike anything found in any of the surrounding country. Rolling hills with gentle declivities velvety with soft grass; skirtings of forests of walnut, live-oak, elm, and other trees; gorges of shadow festooned with trailing vines—all unite to make this an artist's Ultima Thule. It is an island of Summerland, where the air, perfumed with orange blossoms and rarest flowers, intoxicates the senses, the hum of bees and murmur of southern breezes woo voluptuous languor and perfect rest. The mocking-bird and the cardinal whistle in the underbrush, the lazy pelican rises from the bayou, startled deer vanish into the thicket, whilst myriads of wild fowl cover the many ponds on the prairie. Nature holds her court here; but her rule is to be short-lived, and is soon to pass away. Gangs of workmen have already graded a road-bed from New Iberia to the mine, and within four months this sylvan retreat will re-echo with the shrill whistle of the locomotive and rattle of cars. Salt, an hour before resting within its solid bed, will then be whirling on its way in bulk to the packers of Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati, and the exhaustless resources of this remarkable deposit drawn upon to supply the needs of our continent. The sugar which grows with such tropical prodigality on the surface, with the salt below, will both go into the markets on the same train. Petite Anse will then be open to the traveller, and its romances of Lafitte's buried treasures, Indian traditions, and bountiful hospitality will be a thing of the past.

Charles E. Whitney.

SOME REMARKABLE APES.

It will be a gratification to those interested in the growth of our free institutions, especially those identified with the advancement of public-school interests, to know that the Museum of Natural History, that a few years ago stepped into its new building on Manhattan Square, has already outgrown the space then designed, and that its rich collections more than fill the cases.

The varied collections are not alone pleasing to the eye, but have been, through the lectures on natural history delivered by the Superintendent, made directly available to the pupils and teachers of the public schools, and thus the Museum has become an adjunct of the public school system, and its growth watched with equal interest. The trustees have taken especial interest in the various departments, and a recent gift will place the collection of mammals on a par with, if not superior to, any in the world. Already some of the most interesting forms shown in the accompanying illustration have arrived.

New York has long been supplied with gorillas elaborately and expensively manufactured from bear-skin; but here is the bona-fide animal, of such extraordinary dimensions that it is difficult to realize that it is not the work of the skilled taxidermist.

The specimen in the Museum is that of an adult male, and seems to equal in general bulk at least two men. It is represented resting upon a limb, and the thick neck, long retreating forehead, and deeply sunken eyes give it a demoniacal expression. Its height when erect was about that of a tall man. The resemblance to the human frame is striking in the extreme; the proportions of the leg to the body, of the foot to the hand, the size of the heel, the curvature of the spine, and the capacity of the skull—twenty-nine to thirty-five cubic inches[*]—being all points of similarity.

But it is the evidence of enormous muscular power that perhaps most impresses the observer. This is particularly noticeable in the limbs, hands, and feet, where, in the latter particularly, the opposable thumb is seen to be of great power. The animal probably weighed, when alive, over two hundred pounds, and was shot in the mountains of interior Guinea; and as their range, once evidently wide, is now restricted presumably to the country between the Gaboon and Congo rivers, it is evident that their extinction is to be expected in the near future.

In a case adjoining that of the gorilla is a remarkable group representing a family of five orang-outangs, two adult males, one young and one old female, and a baby, with their nests, in the top of a durion-tree—especially valuable, as it is the exact reproduction of a family party observed by W. T. Hornaday on the Sadong River, Borneo, where he shot the specimens. Three of the group are represented in the accompanying illustration—a male, female, and young. In the Museum group the platform nest is shown with a young orang reclining upon it, fast asleep, clinging with its hands and feet to convenient boughs.

They are known to science as the *Simia wurmbii*, and if we are not mistaken the present illustration is the first one that has shown correctly the remarkable cheek callosities that distinguish the male. In many works this is represented as a fold of the neck, but it is a fibro-cellular outgrowth of the cheek, giving the animal a most singular appearance. The group represents a characteristic scene. The mother orang hangs from a limb, greedily eating a durion from one hand, while another is clasped in the free foot. Behind her the baby is swinging from limb to limb, while directly in her rear is a male suspended by one arm and leg, his long hair giving him a weird appearance, reaching out to snatch the coveted fruit. The fruit, leaves, branches, and all are exact reproductions. The largest specimen measures about four feet three inches in vertical height, and the reddish-brown hair in some portions is twelve or fourteen inches long. Across the face, including the strange callosity, which is a sexual characteristic, it measures thirteen inches, and in fact resembles a great moon. Another characteristic that strikes the visitor is the enormous length of the arms, that touch the ground when the animal is erect, the animals resting upon their knuckles. The skull in shape is much nearer the human than that of the gorilla, yet its capacity is only twenty-five cubic inches. In many points the orang differs materially from man, yet in the number of ribs, the form of the cerebral hemispheres, and certain other features interesting to the physiologist, they approach him.

The orang is truly arboreal, never leaving the trees, and even in the tree-tops they are clumsy, and never attempt the gymnastic feats that form the characteristics of so many of their tribe. They are extremely heavy, weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, more or less, and thus are obliged to move with great caution, swinging themselves along by collecting the branches, never leaping from one to another.

In general appearance they are only a degree less repulsive than the gorilla, their long reddish hair, spider-like arms, weird faces, ferocious canine teeth, and shining black skin, which often hangs in loose flabby folds, all tending to give them an uncanny appearance. As with the gorillas, they are tailless, and the feet and hands, as shown, exceedingly powerful. The latter are exceedingly long, but the thumb short, not reaching to the end of the metacarpal bone of the adjacent (index) digit. The toes of the feet are also equally long, with the exception of the great toe, which is extremely short, and often destitute of a nail.

Among the smaller monkeys of this unique collection perhaps the most striking, certainly for the possession of an enormous nasal appendage, is the proboscis monkey of Borneo. Instead of the flat nose of the forms already mentioned, we see an organ nearly four inches in length, that seems an absurd caricature of the human nose. This feature is extremely small in the young, and turned upward instead of directly outward. Quite recently another monkey with that organ excessively turned upward has been discovered in Thibet.

The proboscis monkey is mild and timid. It is fond of insects as well as vegetable food, and is shown in the act of creeping upon a butterfly that has alighted upon the limb.

In point of resemblance to the human African face the bearded saki of South America is remarkable, and when the head alone is seen is still more striking. The face is jet-black, the hair of the head stiff and high, while the cheeks and chin are ornamented with a perfect glossy beard. Its coat is a rich uniform black, and the tail large and brush-like. They are exceedingly cleanly, and are said to hold aside their beard when drinking, and to pass the water to their mouth with their hand. According to Humboldt they are vindictive, and when enraged will grind their teeth and leap about, displaying extraordinary mobility in the muscles of the face. They live in pairs, thus differing from other South American monkeys, are nocturnal, and have a strange unearthly cry, extremely resonant and far-reaching. The species is represented in the collection by several fine specimens of both sexes.

The interesting group of dog-faced monkeys, of which there are a number of specimens of different genera in the collection, is also well represented by the tartarin, that from its curious ruff or mane is often called the lion-monkey. They are indigenous to Northern Africa, and are extremely powerful. In Southern Africa the chacma (*cynocephalus*) is much dreaded. It attains the size of a large dog, and far exceeds that animal in strength. They rarely, if ever, take to trees, and travel about the rocky country in bands of several hundred, often carrying devastation to the crops of the Boers. They are, however, extremely intelligent when domesticated, and it is said that one almost starved to death before it would eat poisonous food prepared for it. They have been employed as watch-dogs, for driving oxen, or attending the fire of a blacksmith, but generally require the watchful eye of the master.

The famous Gibraltar monkeys, that are protected by the government and allowed to live about the rock, are of the dog-faced variety, and were probably introduced from the African side.

Among the smallest and most interesting of the monkeys peculiar to South America are the marmosets, and in the illustration their relative size, when compared to the gorilla, is well shown. Their habits are seemingly more like those of squirrels than of the monkey tribe. The fur is long and wonderfully soft, the tail long and bushy, while the face with its twinkling bead-like eyes has a most interesting and human expression. They have the same number of teeth as in man, but the hands and feet are not so well adapted for grasping as in other monkeys, the thumbs being poorly developed, not at all opposable, and provided like the other fingers with a long sharp claw; hence the hands approach the claws or fore-feet of other mammals. The tail is never prehensile, and they are all of exceedingly small size. In their habits they are truly arboreal, living high in the tree-tops in troops and companies. There are many different species collected in two genera. Several have been successfully kept in the zoological gardens of this city and Philadelphia, and recently one was born at Central Park. They are, however, exceedingly susceptible to climatic changes. Unlike all other monkeys, they bring forth as many as three young at a birth.

---

[*] That of the lowest Australian is seventy-five.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

Stars and Crosses.—Furs Worn by Eminent Persons.—The Claimant.—Crime and Citizenship.—The Missing Heiress.—English Literature at Cambridge.

Military persons of distinction will henceforth be more popular than ever. It has hitherto been a drawback to them that since every one wears mustaches, and no one wears his uniform at evening parties, these heroes are too often taken for civilians, whose only notion of a weapon is an umbrella, and of service, the putting it up. Now, however, the edict has gone forth from the Horse-Guards that "officers may wear miniature decorations at private parties in plain clothes." I can fancy a miniature cross or star, but I can't understand how one of those broad ribbons that half cover the waistcoat can be "writ small." If it is made thus, it will look less like a memorial of valor than a "remnant" from Whiteley's, and if it is cut short it will look like a pocket-handkerchief. However, these decorations will no doubt make a sensation, and at all events be pretty things for a fair neighbor at the dinner table to talk about, and military persons who have not served will be wild to do so and become similarly distinguished.

Certain eminent personages are known to affect various kinds of fur. The Emperor of Russia wears sable, the Emperor of Austria Astrakhan, and the Queen of Spain beaver. If Mr. Parnell should ever be President of the Irish Republic, and be in doubt about a fur to suit him, let me recommend—as eminently characteristic of himself and of the odor in which he is regarded—the skunk. It is impossible to conceive how a man who has once occupied an honorable position, a "white" man, as the Americans say, could permit himself to sink so low. Silence and shame go at least decently together, but silence without shame is base indeed. The characterless creatures that form his following avow their sympathy with outrage loudly enough, but some fragment of conscience restrains him; and, on the other hand, he dare not denounce murder lest he should lose the suffrage of "the party of assassination," or even be its next victim.

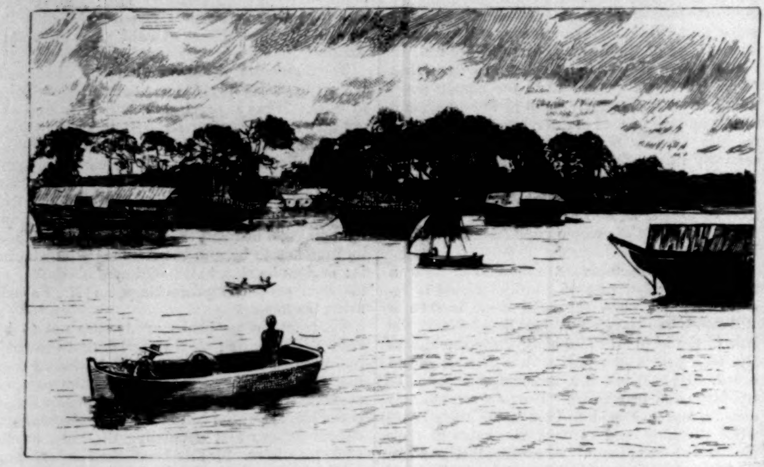
The Claimant is again in high spirits, which, one is glad to observe, happens once in three months at least. News is regularly conveyed to him every quarter concerning Mr. Arthur Orton, who is perpetually being found in Australia, though always under some un-get-at-able circumstances. He has just now been discovered in the Paramatta lunatic asylum. Poor as I am, I would give five pounds to be at the back of that fat man's mind, to know what he really thinks about the Tichborne he pretends to be, and the Arthur Orton who he is; or does he shut his mental eyes altogether to his own nefarious proceedings, as Mr. Parnell shuts his mouth?

There are some books pretty sure not to be read which one is tempted to wish that the community should be compelled to read, whether they like them or not. This is always the case, of course, with one's own books; but there are sometimes books written by other people teaching excellent lessons and circulating the most wholesome principles. Sir Fitz-James Stephen's *History of the Criminal Law of England* is one of these. He is one of the few judges on the bench who seems to give himself the trouble to go into the motive of crime, and to estimate its general effect. He has a soft place in his heart for poverty and stress of circumstances, and he sets his face against the Brutal and the Cruel. This latter attribute has become most rare upon the bench. A rough was brought up last week for kicking a man on the face who had refused to supply him with drink without payment; lock-jaw set in, and the man died. The jury found the prisoner guilty, "and," says the report, "as it appeared that he had been several times convicted of violent assaults, the judge sentenced him to three months' hard labor! If the man had stolen five shillings to keep himself from starving, the same judge would, without doubt, have given him a severer sentence. Sir Fitz-James Stephen, however, has a brain which is *not* composed of poached eggs. He does not deny that there are cases even of murder which do not call for capital punishment. There are circumstances, indeed, when murder may be justifiable. Suppose, for example, that unhappy cabin-boy who was done to death by a series of prolonged and unimaginable cruelties by his skipper the other day had had enough vigor left in his tortured body and broken heart to kill the beast as he slept, what human being could blame him? The contention of our author is that we have gone too far in laying capital punishment aside for crimes short of murder, but which may testify to a more incorrigible hostility to society. These persons—savages, and worse than savages, like the aforesaid skipper—"are as much misplaced in civilized society as wolves and tigers would be in a civilized country." This is a lesson which our legislature, and especially those who administer the law, have got to learn. At present, while property is protected by the severest enactments, the fate of children and women is left at the disposal of the cruel, and human life is made miserable to thousands from the brutality of a few. What good is to be hoped for from the professional wife-kicker and rough as husband and father? What benefit can he possibly be to the state? The idea of citizenship—though we hear so much talk about "a stake in the country"—never seems to enter into the heads of our lawgivers. Yet surely it ought to be fostered, while those who dwell amongst us only for the purpose, as it would seem, of increasing the sum of human misery, ought to be cast out. Surely a wretch who willfully pollutes a public fountain, devastates a garden intended for the public, or robs a box the contents of which are dedicated to the poor, ought to be more severely punished than the petty thief who steals from individuals.

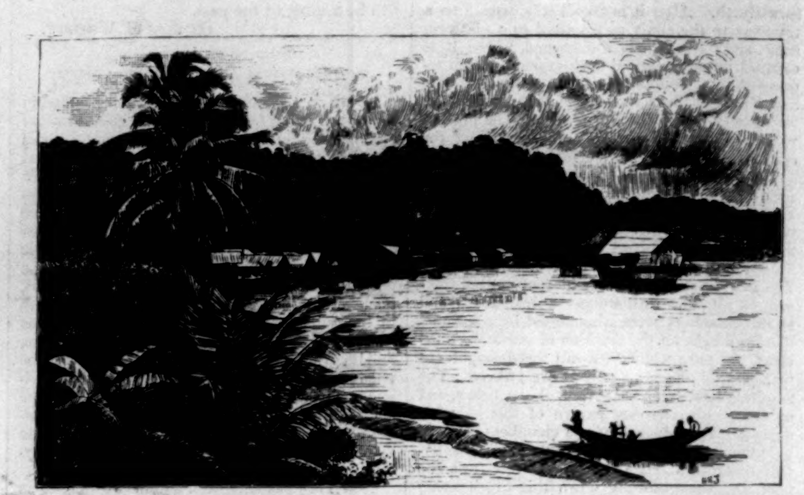
The story of the Irish heiress who, having been left on a door-step alone, has so opportunely come into her £14,000 a year just as she comes of age, to use an expression racy of the soil, "beats Banagher." I don't know who Banagher was, nor how to spell him, but I mean that her story outtops all others for romance. It is strange enough (though exceedingly admirable) that her uncle "the Colonel"—whose name, however, has not yet, I regret to say, been made public—should have made such generous efforts to find her, since he himself was in enjoyment of her property; it is rather unusual (though most satisfactory) to learn that the young lady has at once offered to halve the money with him, and that the offer has been declined; but what is the most surprising feature of the case is the convenient way in which both her parents expired of heart-complaint on the same morning! From their behavior to their infant it would not have been supposed that they had a heart even between them. Every one is saying, "What a subject for fiction!" To which I reply (1) that no novelist would have been permitted to use materials to which the terms "impossible," "incredible," "monstrous," would have been applied by every critic; and (2) I am not quite sure that the whole story is *not* a fiction.

Thanks to the late Mr. W. G. Clark—a name every Trinity man will recall with respect and affection—a lectureship in English Literature is to be founded at Cambridge. This is a revolution indeed. The literature of England from Chaucer to the present date is actually going to be studied at an English university. Young gentlemen who are at Oxford and Cambridge may presently rival their contemporaries in America in the knowledge of their own language. This is as it should be (but not at all as I ever expected to see it). All thanks to dear W. G. Clark, who, being dead, yet speaketh, and even, by proxy, lectures.

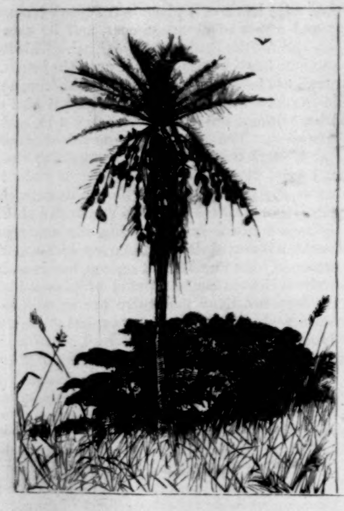
R. Kemble, of London.



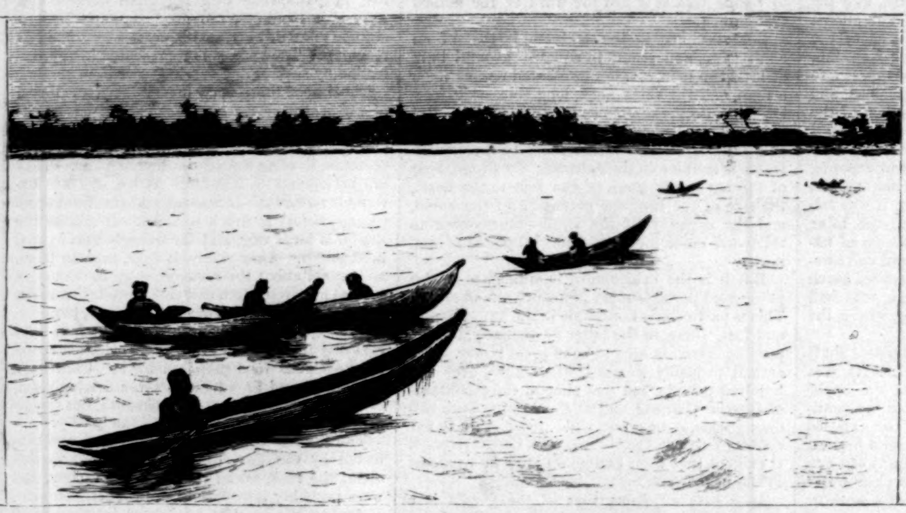
Bonny, from the River, with the Hulks where the Merchants live lying in front.



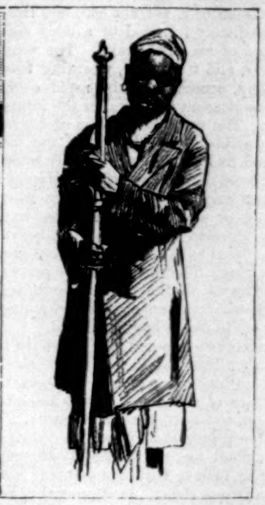
Old Calabar, seen from Palm-tree Factory.



A Palm-tree hung with the Nests of the Weaver-birds.

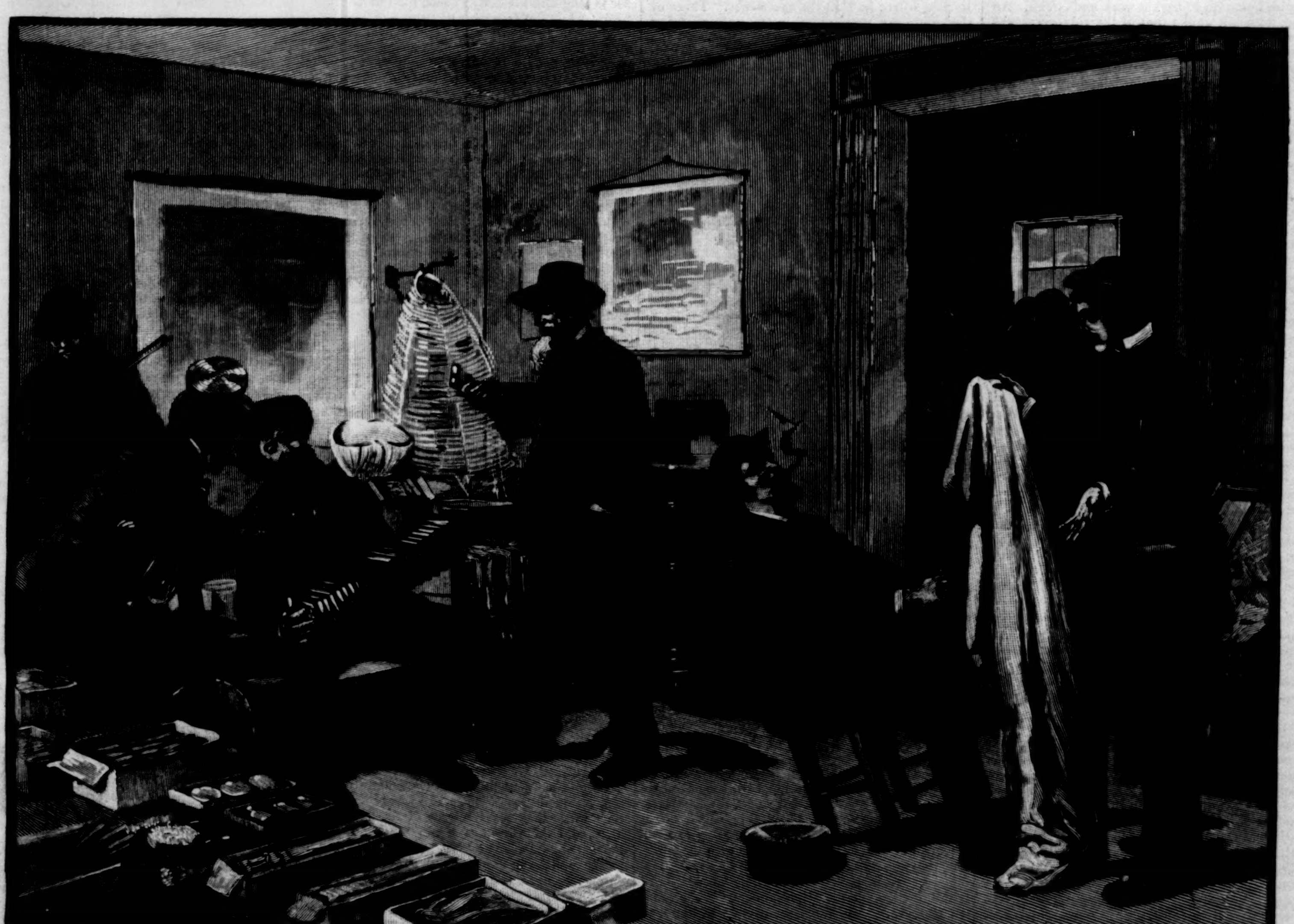


Kon-boys coming off from Grand Cestos.

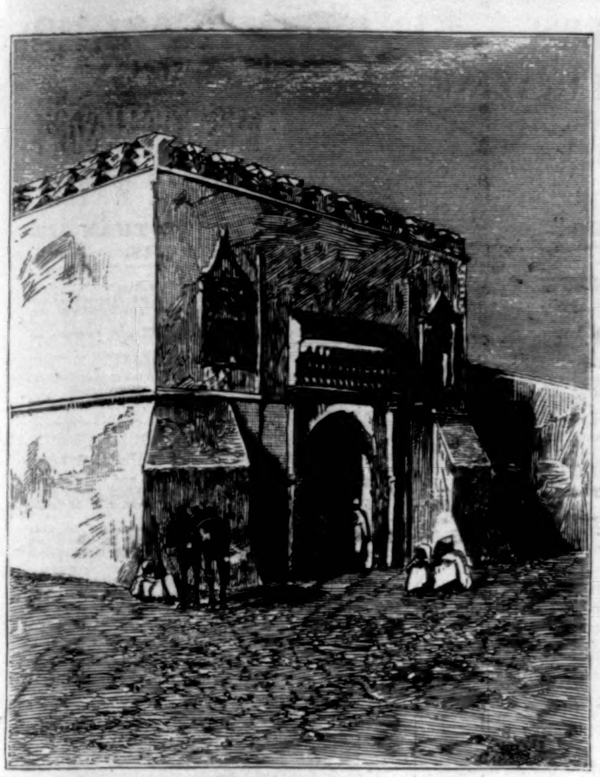


The King's "Mouth," with Stick of Office given by H. B. M.'s Government.

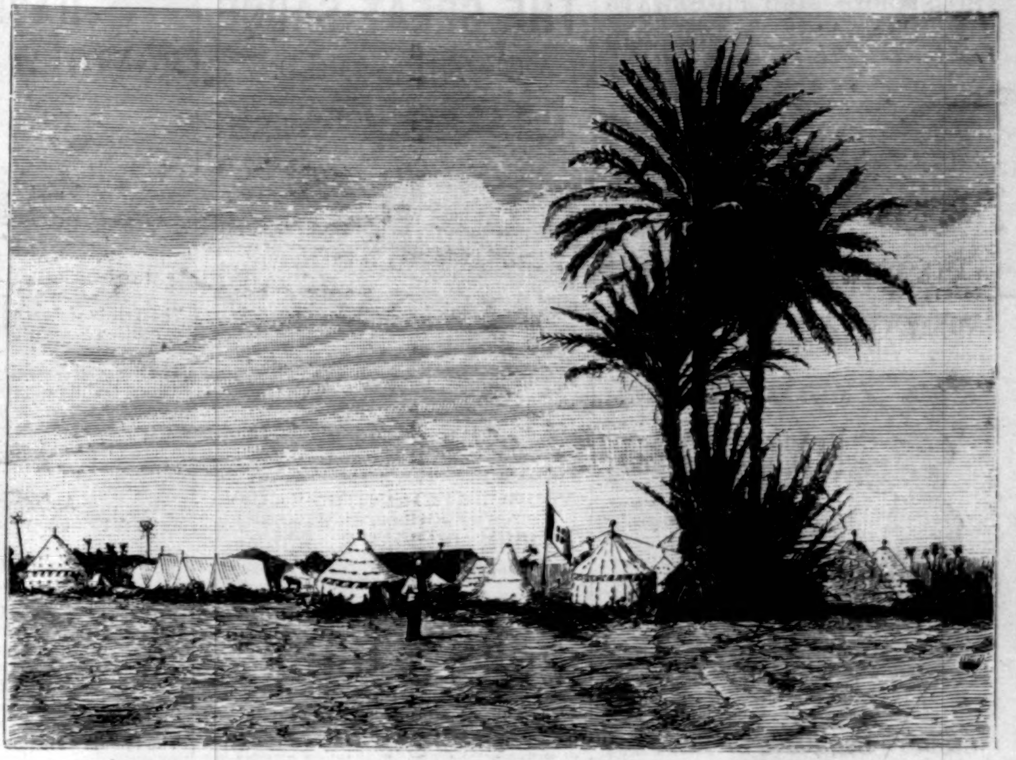
SKETCHES ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.—[See Page 269.]



THE DRUMMERS' ROOM IN A WESTERN HOTEL.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 269.]



PALACE OF THE GOVERNOR OF BENI-MESKIN.



CAMPING OUTSIDE MOROCCO.

DRUMMERS.

The "drummer" has become an important personage in the transaction of business between the importers and manufacturers of the Eastern cities, and their customers in the interior of the country. Formerly the country merchant was obliged to make the journey to New York, Boston, or Philadelphia several times a year in order to replenish his stock of goods. But now the "drummer" visits him at his own place, with samples and prices, so that he can order whatever he may be wanting at the time to just the same advantage as if he had made the trip to the metropolis.

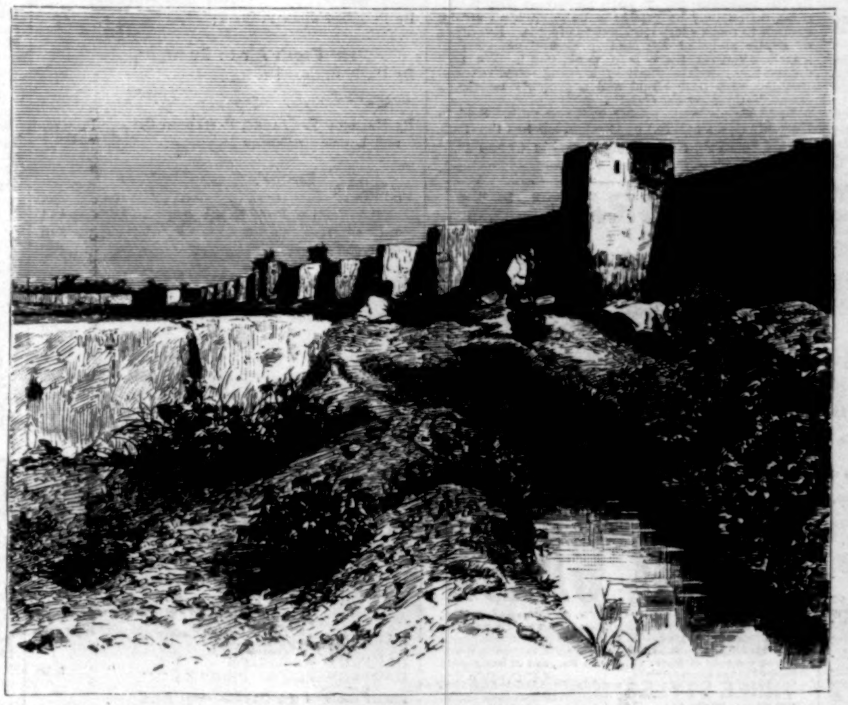
These "drummers," of whom several thousands are employed by New York merchants alone, are generally active, intelligent, and reliable young men, thoroughly acquainted with business and with the requirements of their customers. As a rule they are also jovial and companionable, and when several of them meet at hotels are not averse to having a lively time.

AFRICAN SKETCHES.

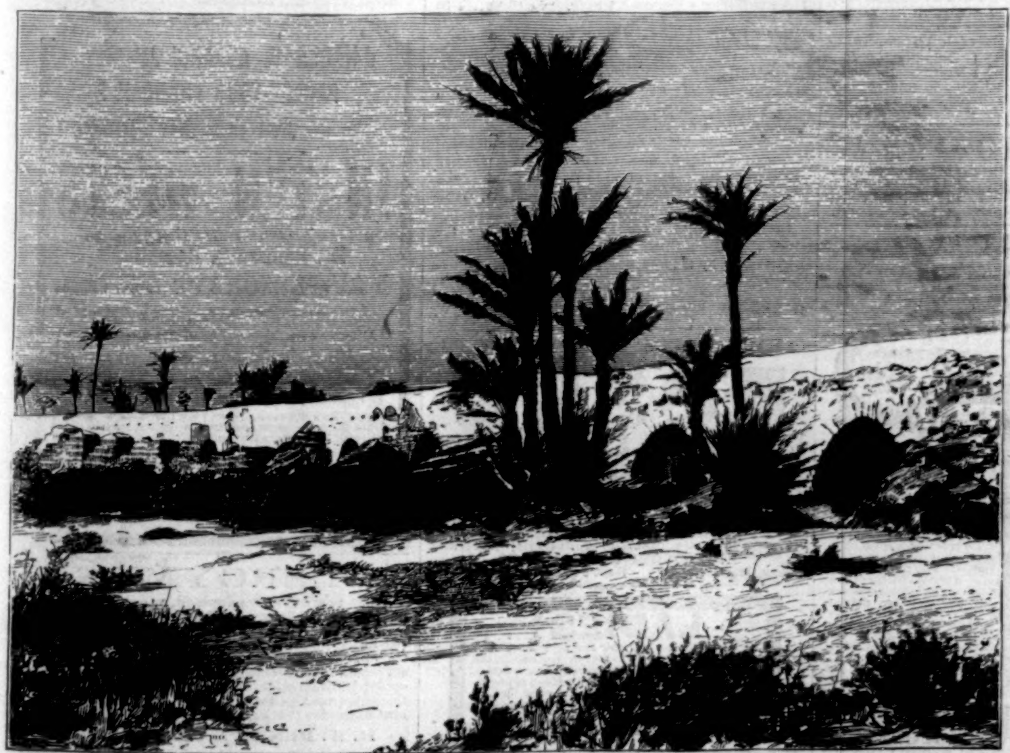
The sketches on the preceding page represent scenes at various trading stations on the west coast of Africa, in the region of the Niger Delta and the Calabar River. The district of Calabar is flat, and closely intersected by rivers. The climate is unhealthy, and there is not a single lighthouse on the coast. The inhabitants, mostly slaves, are employed by the chiefs in various kinds of labor connected with the palm-oil trade. There are two settlements on the Old Calabar River, Duke Town and Creek Town, where Christian missions have spread civilization and religion quite extensively among the natives.

Bonny, or Boni, is a town near the mouth of the river of that name. It is in the midst of a pestilential swamp, and is inhabited by degraded savages. European merchants live in hulks anchored in the river. A large business is done in palm-oil.

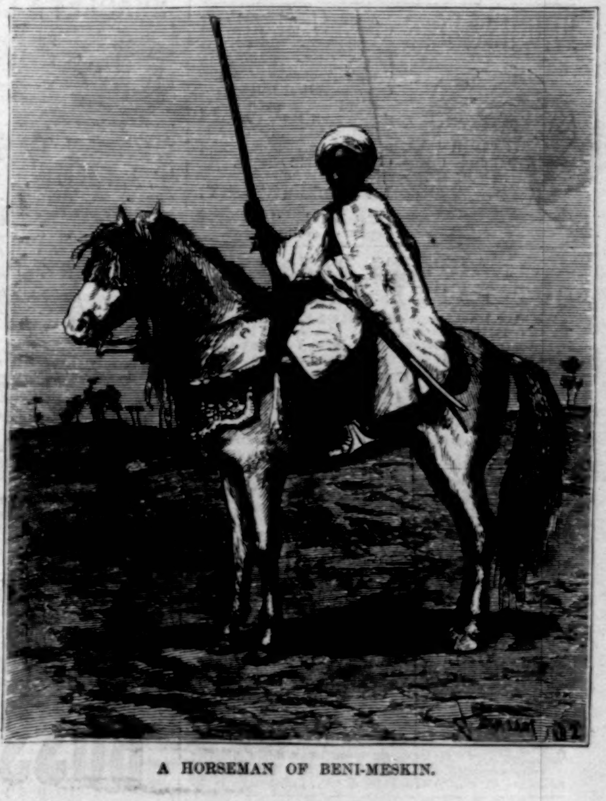
Until very lately travel in the empire of Morocco has been dangerous and exceedingly uncomfortable. The fanatical natives looked with suspicion and anger upon all foreigners, and treated them with the utmost incivility. Affairs have mended somewhat of late, but travellers must still be protected by an escort if they would be safe from maltreatment by roving bands. The sketches on this page present scenes and incidents of an artist's tour from the seaport of Tangier to the capital of the empire. The city of Morocco was founded in 1072, and was once flourishing and important, but for generations it has been decaying, and it is now nearly half in ruin. War, plague, and a detestable government have united in accomplishing this result. From the outside it presents a picturesque appearance; but within, the streets are narrow, irregular, and unpaved, and the houses are generally of one story, flat-roofed, with the side toward the street plain and glaring with whitewash, with one or two narrow unglazed slits for windows.



THE WALLS OF MOROCCO.



BRIDGE ON THE TANSYFT.



A HORSEMAN OF BENI-MESKIN.

FROM TANGIER TO THE CITY OF MOROCCO.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
MAKES A COOLING DRINK.

Into half a tumbler of ice-water put a teaspoonful of Acid Phosphate; add sugar to the taste.—[*Adv.*]

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR
May be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCOAINE. The superiority of BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS consists in their perfect purity and strength.—[*Adv.*]

THOUSANDS of people testify to the merits of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—[*Adv.*]

THE charming combination of flower perfumes attained in Floreston make it an exquisite cologne.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT
OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT
OF MEAT. An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.

CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. This caution is necessary, owing to various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the market.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT
OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

THE ACME LEVER CUFF BUTTONS
Overcome all trouble with
STIFF CUFFS.
Ask your Jeweller for them, and
TAKE NO OTHER.

DAKOTA.

Quick, safe, and sure investments for capitalists or residents in Oriska, Barnes County, Dakota. A new town on Northern Pacific Railroad, at crossing of N. W., twenty miles west of Dalrymple Farm. Spendid opening for Merchants in every line. Mechanics in demand; wages good. Well-settled country, in the the famous wheat belt. Correspondence solicited. References: BATES, REED, & COOLEY, New York; HIDE & LEATHER NAT. BANK, Chicago. Address **PERKINS, ROBBINS, & CO., Bankers, Oriska, Dakota.**

BRIGGS & CO.'S

PATENT
TRANSFER
PAPERS.

A *warm* iron passed over the back of these PAPERS TRANSFERS the Pattern to any fabric. Designs in **Crewels, Embroidery, Braiding,** and **Initial Letters.**

New Book bound in cloth, showing all Briggs & Co.'s Patterns, including over 40 new designs, sent on receipt of seven 3-cent stamps.

104 Franklin St., N.Y.

Retailed by the leading Zephyr-Wool Stores.

HARPER'S BAZAR
CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

We have transferred our **WHOLESALE PATTERN DEPARTMENT** to MR. J. G. CROTTY, Nos. 180 to 186 Cherry Street, New York, who will conduct it upon his own account and responsibility.

SPECIAL CAUTION.

We are not interested in nor responsible for any contracts made by J. G. CROTTY & CO., whether for HARPER'S BAZAR Patterns or for any other business.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

IMPORTED TILES & MOSAICS
IN HEARTHS. FACINGS. BATH ROOMS & FLOORS.
GRATES. FENDERS. ANDIRONS &c.
EDWARD BOOTE
11 EAST 19TH ST. N.Y.

A CHARMING BOOK BY CAPT. FARRAR.
"EASTWARD HO! OR, ADVENTURES AT RANGELEY LAKES." Cloth, 376 Pages, 5 Illustrations, by mail, $1 50. JAMAICA PUB. CO., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

CARLETON'S TREASURY of KNOWLEDGE
THE BEST SELLING BOOK EVER KNOWN. The *largest discount.* Circulars free. Agents, address G. W. CARLETON & CO., Publishers, N. Y.

LUNDBORG'S
RHENISH COLOGNE.

THE GREAT SAUCE
OF THE WORLD.
LEA & PERRINS'

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.
"Tell LEA & PERRINS that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

SOUPS,
GRAVIES,
FISH,
HOT & COLD
MEATS,
GAME, &c.

Lea & Perrins

Signature is on every bottle of **GENUINE**
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.
Sold and used throughout the world.
JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS,
AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.
NEW YORK.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA.
BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in tins only (½-lb. and lb.) by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

THE BRADLEY

ROAD CART

Above illustration represents our **No. 4** or **Phaeton Cart.** We also make them with skeleton bodies, just the thing for jogging trotters or breaking colts. Our **No. 3½** or **Single Park Cart** is used very extensively by Gentlemen Drivers in speeding on the road or track, weighs 100 lbs., and as handsomely finished as the finest carriage.

THREE STYLES weighing from **90** to **160 lbs.** Prices from **$55** to **$80.**
☞ **First-Class** in every respect, and everybody likes them.
Send for Illustrated Price List.
BRADLEY & CO. SYRACUSE, N. Y. ESTABLISHED 1832.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.
C. WEIS { Manufacturer of Meerschaum Goods. Wholesale and Retail. Send for Circular to 399 Broadway. Factories, Vienna and 69 Walker Street, N. Y.

All Issues of WESTERN BONDS! BOUGHT & SOLD by
T. J. CHEW, Jr. Investment Banker, **ST. JOSEPH, MO.**
City of **ST. JOSEPH, BUCHANAN CO., Mo.,** and other **DEFAULTED BONDS** purchased at Best Rates.

The Noyes Reading Machine removes that embargo on reading—the task of holding up a heavy book by the hour—and reduces the labor of reading to simply moving the eyes from line to line. It is a boon to invalids, a joy to well people, and invaluable for children in school, removing the cause of round shoulders, and preserving the eyes by placing the book where it should be. It handles heavy books as easily as light ones, and holds th m open at any angle or in any position. The book is held by the covers, the leaves are held open w h a Leaf-Holder, which by a touch can be remov ed or replac ed. A clamp attaches it to a table or desk. An ex tension arm attaches to chairs book-cases, diction ary holders, etc. Special introductory pri es: Read ing Machine with Leaf-Holder and Clamp complete, $1.00. Extension Arm with Attachments, $1.00. Sent post paid on receipt of price.

Address **L. W. NOYES,** the Maker of Dictionary Holders, **Chicago.** Cut this off and show the above to your friends. Get five to send with you and you shall have yours free. Six for $5.00. This offer is not good unless accepted at once.

BOSS' PATENT GOLD WATCH CASES
Economy! Strength! Durability! ELEGANT DESIGNS! GUARANTEED for 20 Years!

40 Gold & Silver Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c., postpaid. G. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

HARPER'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE
(No. 396)
FOR MAY

CONTAINS:

"The Sisters,"
Frontispiece. From the Picture by E. A. ABBEY;

San Francisco,
By WILLIAM H. BISHOP. Illustrated;

The Treaty of Peace and Independence—II.,
By GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS. Illustrated;

The National Academy of the Arts of Design, and its Surviving Founders,
By BENSON J. LOSSING. Illustrated;

Roman Carnival Sketches,
By ANNA BOWMAN BLAKE. Illustrated by REINHART;

Anthony Trollope,
By W. H. POLLOCK. With Portrait;

The Brooklyn Bridge,
By WILLIAM C. CONANT. With Twenty-one Illustrations;

A Castle in Spain—I.,
A New Serial Novel. Illustrated by ABBEY;

Nehemiah's Plan,
A Short Story. By KATE W. HAMILTON;

The Middle Colonies before the Revolution,
By JOHN FISKE;

Art Study at Home and Abroad,
By Professor JOHN F. WEIR;

Fresh Air in Summer,
By Dr. T. M. COAN;

Poems
By HERBERT E. CLARKE, ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, and LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON;

Editor's Easy Chair.
Frailties of the Woman of Fashion, and their Cause.—The Weather Prophet.—Wagner.—Authors and Publishers.—The Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson;

Editor's Literary Record.

Editor's Historical Record.

Editor's Drawer.
Anecdotes.—Norristown Etchings (J. H. WILLIAMS).—"Forcing his Hand" (WALTER CARRY).—"Love's Victory" (R. K. MUNKITTRICK).—"Mine Shildren" (CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS).

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	Per Year	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	"	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	"	4 00
The THREE above publications	"	10 00
Any TWO above named	"	7 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	"	1 50
HARPER'S MAGAZINE HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE }	"	5 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY (52 Numbers)	"	10 00
Index to Harper's Magazine, 1 to 60.	8vo, Cloth	4 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY: a weekly publication, containing works of Travel, Biography, History, Fiction, and Poetry, at prices ranging from 10 to 25 cents per number. Full list of *Harper's Franklin Square Library* will be furnished gratuitously on application to HARPER & BROTHERS. Subscription Price, per Year of 52 Numbers, $10 00

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE, comprising the titles of between three and four thousand volumes, will be sent by mail on receipt of Nine Cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S
BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING
ROSES

The only establishment making a SPECIAL BUSINESS of ROSES. 60 LARGE HOUSES for ROSES alone. Strong Pot Plants suitable for immediate bloom delivered safely, postpaid, to any post-office. 5 splendid varieties, your choice, all labeled, for $1; 12 for $2; 19 for $3; 26 for $4; 35 for $5; 75 for $10; 100 for $13; We GIVE a Handsome Present of choice and valuable ROSES free with every order. Our NEW GUIDE, *a complete Treatise on the Rose, 70 pp. elegantly illustrated—free to all.*
THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.
Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

LADIES!
Neutro-Pillene, *only* Hair Solvent known. *Permanently dissolves* superfluous hair, *root and branch* in five minutes, *without pain, discoloration or injury.* **Cleopatra's Secret** develops the **Bust** to proportions of perfect nature. Safe and certain. Send 2 stamps for particulars. THE WILCOX CHEMICAL PREPARATION CO., 602 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE BIGGEST THING OUT Illustrated Book **Sent Free.**
(new) E. NASON & CO., 111 Nassau St., New York.

50 Large Cromos, New and pretty as ever published. Name on, 10c. VANN & CO., New Haven, Conn.

REASONS WHY
MRS. THOMPSON'S
PATENT WAVES
ARE BETTER THAN ALL OTHERS.

1.—*The PATENT SPRING conforms itself in shape to EVERY head.*
2.—*They DO NOT HAVE A FALSE, wiggy look, as all others have.*
3.—*They cannot tear or break apart, but outwear THREE of any wave made.*
4.—*They CANNOT WRINKLE or SHRINK with dampness, but keep their shape for years.*
5.—*They do not fade as quickly, for they don't require dressing as often as others.*
6.—*They are only dressed with a WET COMB, when they get MUSSED, and are known to remain in order for a year without re-dressing.*
7.—*I GUARANTEE EVERY ONE to be CURLY HAIR, or refund the money if not.*
8.—*MOST IMPORTANT: Every lady can look young and attractive with a THOMPSON WAVE,* AS HUNDREDS WILL ACKNOWLEDGE *they look ten years younger.*
9.—*As I have 10 different styles of THOMPSON WAVES, every fancy can be gratified.*

PRICES from **$6** to **$12** (Blond and Gray extra). Also, the most **ELEGANT ASSORTMENT** of **SWITCHES,** from **$5** to **$50. GRAY HAIR A SPECIALTY.**

☞ **Beware of parties endeavoring to sell you Waves representing them to be the Thompson Wave, as I do not allow any other Dealer to sell my goods.**

SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO HEADQUARTERS OF
MRS. C. THOMPSON,
No. 32 East 14th Street, *NEW YORK.*

SUPERIOR FISHING TACKLE.

We offer a fine 3-joint Fly Rod, 15-yard Brass Reel, 100-ft. Linen Line, 3 Flies, 3 Hooks to gut, and Leader, complete, by express, for $5 00; by mail, postpaid, $5 50. Sample flies by mail, postpaid, 10c. each; per dozen, $1 00. 1 three-piece Trout Rod, 1 Float, 1 Brass Reel, 100 ft. Linen Line, ½ dozen Hooks, 1 Sinker, 1 Gut Leader, all for $2 75.

Just published, the largest and most complete Catalogue of all sporting-goods ever issued—as Lawn-Tennis, Base-Ball, Archery, Cricket, Foot-Ball, Fishing, Boating, and Gymnasium and Firemen's Goods, and all the latest novelties. **228** large pages, **2000** illustrations, on fine tinted paper. Price, by mail, 25 cts.

PECK & SNYDER, 126 to 130 Nassau St., N. Y.

"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES."
Testimonial of a Boston lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the *cause.*

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sunburn, and Greasy Skin.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, $1.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

¿ HABLA V. ESPAÑOL ?
PARLEZ-VOUS FRANÇAIS ?
Sprechen Sie Deutsch ?

IN TEN WEEKS

You can, at your own home, by
Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal's
MEISTERSCHAFT SYSTEM,

Learn to speak fluently either Spanish, French or German, for the nominal price of $5.00.

All subscribers—$5.00 for each language—become actually pupils of Dr. Rosenthal, who corrects all exercises, and corresponds with them in regard to any difficulties which may occur.

Specimen Copy,
Spanish, French or German, 25 cents.

Says THE NATION, New York: "This is without doubt the best system ever devised for learning to speak a foreign language in a short time."

☞ Send $5.00 for full subscription, with privilege of having all your exercises corrected and questions answered.

ESTES & LAURIAT, Publishers,
299-305 Washington Street, BOSTON, MASS.

CLERGYMEN

Who are now out of employment, or engaged at nominal salaries, can find avenues to success opened through M'CLINTOCK & STRONG'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF BIBLICAL, THEOLOGICAL, AND ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE, which is meeting with the heartiest popular endorsement. Its sale cannot fail to be a congenial occupation, and the orders already received through agents assure its success. Address, with three-cent stamp for Catalogue, &c.

H. W. DERBY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

Messrs. Derby & Co. have the sole right to sell this subscription book (M'CLINTOCK & STRONG'S CYCLOPÆDIA) *in Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

RIDLEYS',

Grand, Allen, & Orchard Sts., N. Y.

SUMMER SILKS.

IN STRIPES, ALL COLORS, 45c.
PEKIN STRIPE SATINS (BLACK), 39c. A YARD.
ALL-SILK FOULARDS, POSITIVELY 22 INCHES WIDE........................ } 39c.

50 PIECES PLAIN COLORED SILKS, ALL SHADES, 65c.
ALL-SILK OTTOMANS, $1, $1 25, $1 50, $1 75.
BLACK MOIRE FRANCAISE, ALL SILK, 49c.; WORTH $1.

BLACK GROS GRAINS.

20-INCH HEAVY AT 55c.; WORTH 75c.
24-INCH RICH SATIN FINISH, $1; WORTH $1 50.

22-INCH CACHEMIRE DE LYON, VERY FINE, $1 50; WORTH $2.

LACES.

COLORED SPANISH, 20c., 25c., 33c., 38c. to $1 a yard.
BLACK AND CREAM SPANISH LACES—FULL LINES.
BLACK BEADED AND BLACK AND STEEL LACES, 35c., 38c., 55c., 65c., 75c. a yard.
WHITE AND BLACK BEADED CROWNS, 75c., 89c., $1 each.
SILVER AND GOLD CASHMERE CROWNS, 75c., 89c., $1 each.

NOVELTIES IN VEILINGS.

SPRING MAGAZINE

CONTAINS FULL PRICE-LIST OF OUR ENTIRE STOCK, AND IS A VALUABLE MEDIUM TO HAVE AT HAND.

Single Number, 15c.; or, 50c. annually.

SAMPLES SENT ON APPLICATION.

EDW. RIDLEY & SONS,

309, 311, 313 to 317 Grand St.,
56, 58, 60, 62 to 70 ALLEN ST.,
59, 61, and 63 ORCHARD STREET.

The Stock of Colored Silks that is now shown by

Messrs. JAMES McCREERY & CO.,

for variety of texture, completeness of assortment, and positive value, surpasses anything that has ever been exhibited.

They make a special offering this week of 500 pieces of Colored Gros Grain at $1 a yard that are worth $1 25. Also, three beautifully assorted lines of Colored Gros Grains, Gros de Londre, and Ottomans at $2 that are excellent value for $2 50.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.,
Broadway, corner 11th St.

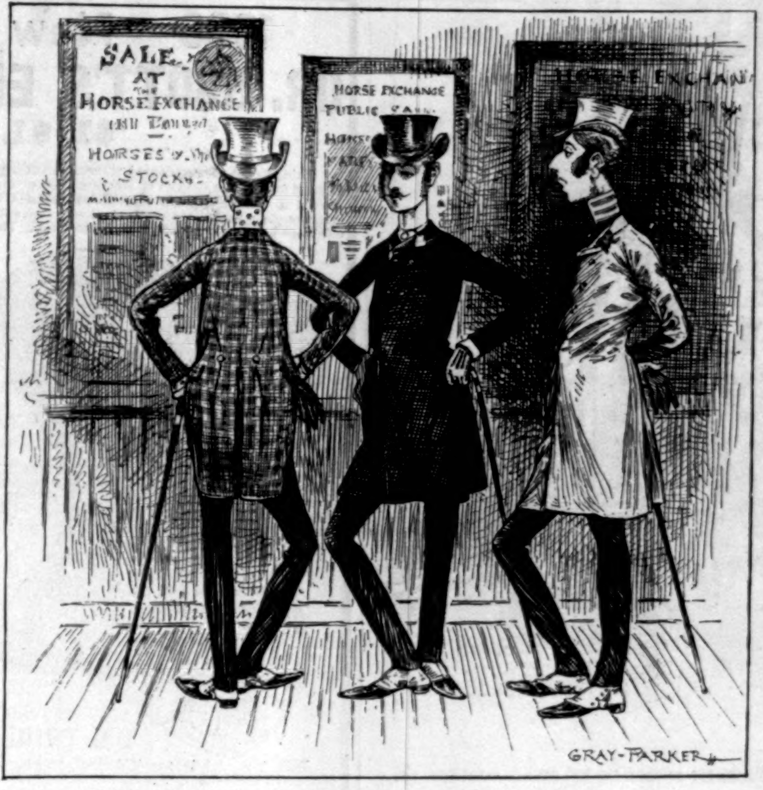
ARNOLD,
CONSTABLE, & CO.

DRESS GOODS.

Have just received an elegant assortment of Tweed Suitings, Dark and Medium Shades, suitable for Steamer and Mountain wear; also, a large line of High Novelties adapted for Evening, Carriage, and Street Costumes.

Broadway and 19th St.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

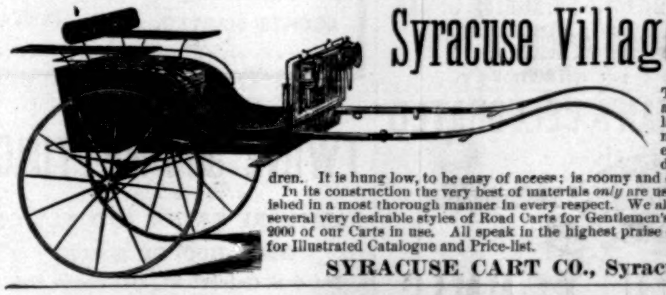


SOME AUTHENTIC DUDESQUE POSITIONS.

The above can only be obtained under the following conditions:

1. An absolute obliteration of the shoulders by an English tailor.
2. A stick or staff a great deal too long for the bearer.
3. A queer and inexplicable working of the right leg, which, when at rest, appears ever so much longer than the left.

Syracuse Village Cart.



The handsomest and most popular pleasure Cart made. Intended especially for ladies and children. It is hung low, to be easy of access; is roomy and comfortable.

In its construction the very best of materials *only* are used, and it is finished in a most thorough manner in every respect. We also manufacture several very desirable styles of Road Carts for Gentlemen's driving. Over 2000 of our Carts in use. All speak in the highest praise of them. Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-list.

SYRACUSE CART CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. It insures health and **natural** sleep, without **morphine.**

"Castoria is so well adapted to Children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;
'Tis Castoria.

When babies fret and cry by turns,
What cures their colic, kills their worms,
But Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion,
But Castoria.

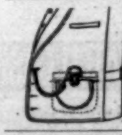
Farewell then to Morphine Syrups,
Castor Oil and Paregoric, and
Hail Castoria!

CENTAUR LINIMENT—an absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c. The most Powerful and Penetrating Pain-relieving and Healing Remedy known to man.

CAMPBELL'S Self-Acting Window Shade Rollers.
Admitted Superior to All Others
Ask your upholsterer for them.
Salesroom, 239 Centre Street, N. Y.

DRY GOODS BY MAIL Delivered in any part of the United States at Boston Prices. Catalogues Sent Free, also when desired samples of Dress Goods, Silks, Woollens, from the largest and finest stock in this country. Write to **Jordan, Marsh & Co.** { Boston, Mass.

SCRAP PICTURES, 280 Fine Pictures by mail, on receipt of 75 cents, stamps. WHITING, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.



The AUTOMATIC POCKET Adjusts itself in the pocket; no trouble; excludes dust; holds the watch secure; protects the case from denting, scratching and wearing. *Every person having a watch should have one.* The only reliable watch pocket. Sent for 30c. by the **Automatic Pocket Co.** 517 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa. *State size of watch.* Agents wanted.

30 Fine White Gold-Edge Cards, name on, 10c. Sample Book, 25c. M. Shaw & Co., Jersey City, N. J.

WANTED 8 or 10 Successful BOOK AGENTS of pluck and enterprise to operate as **GENERAL AGENTS** to hire and train others to introduce a **NEW WORK** of extraordinary merit and great salability. Positions are worth **$1,200 to $2,000** a year. Address, giving full particulars of experience, age, etc., HUBBARD BROS. 723 Chestnut St., Phila. Pa.

40 Chromo Visiting Cards, no 2 alike, for 1883, name on, and Illustrated Premium List, 10c. Warranted best sold. Agents wanted. L. Jones & Co., Nassau, N.Y.

CARDS New Styles: *Gold Beveled Edge and Chromo Visiting Cards, finest quality, largest variety and lowest prices,* 50 *chromos with name,* 10c., *a present with each order.* Clinton Bros. & Co., Clintonville, Conn.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

CARDS. An Elegant New Set of Cards for 3c. stamp. W. H. PRINGLE, Rochester, N.Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

LIDDELL & SCOTT'S GREEK-ENGLISH LEXICON. A Greek-English Lexicon. Compiled by Henry George Liddell, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, and Robert Scott, D.D., Dean of Rochester, late Master of Balliol College, Oxford. Seventh Edition, Revised and Augmented throughout, with the Co-operation of Prof. Drisler, of Columbia College, N. Y. 4to, Sheep, $10 00.

II.

LETTERS AND MEMORIALS OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE. Prepared for Publication by Thomas Carlyle. Edited by James Anthony Froude. 4to, Paper, 30 cents. Also, Library Edition, 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

III.

HAYDN'S DICTIONARY OF DATES and Universal Information relating to all Ages and Nations. Seventeenth Edition, containing the History of the World to the Autumn of 1881. By Benjamin Vincent. Revised for American Readers. Large 8vo, 810 pages, Cloth, $6 00.

IV.

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE 18TH CENTURY. By Thomas Sergeant Perry, University Lecturer on English Literature, Harvard University. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

V.

A HISTORY OF LATIN LITERATURE, from Ennius to Boethius. By George Augustus Simcox, M.A., Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. In Two Volumes. 12mo, Cloth, $4 00. *Uniform with Mahaffy's "History of Classical Literature."*

VI.

DIALECT TALES. By Sherwood Bonner. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $1 75.

VII.

JAMES NASMYTH, ENGINEER. An Autobiography. Edited by Samuel Smiles, Author of "Lives of the Engineers," "Self-Help," &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50; 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

VIII.

XENOPHONTIS LIBRI SOCRATICI (De Socrate Commentarii, Oeconomicus, Convivium; Anonymi Socratis Apologia ad Indices). Ex Recensione Caroli Schenkl. Curavit S. R. Winans. 18mo, Cloth, 50 cents; Paper, 32 cents.

IX.

WHY WE LAUGH. By Samuel S. Cox, Author of "Buckeye Abroad," "Eight Years in Congress," &c. 4to, Paper, 25 cents.

X.

TIM AND TIP; or, The Adventures of a Boy and a Dog. By James Otis, Author of "Toby Tyler," &c. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

XI.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE. By William Shakespeare. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A.M., formerly Head Master of the High School, Cambridge, Mass. With Engravings. 16mo, Cloth, 56 cents; Paper, 40 cents.

XII.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN. By John Fletcher and William Shakespeare. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A.M., formerly Head Master of the High School, Cambridge, Mass. With Engravings. 16mo, Cloth, 56 cents; Paper, 40 cents.

XIII.

JAMES AND PHILIP VAN ARTEVELD. Two Episodes in the History of the Fourteenth Century. By James Hutton. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

XIV.

CHARACTER READINGS FROM "GEORGE ELIOT." Selected and Arranged by Nathan Sheppard, Editor of "The Dickens Reader." With Illustrations. 4to, Paper, 25 cents.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Mary Barton. A Tale of Manchester Life. By Mrs. Gaskell. 20 cents.

Stray Pearls. Memoirs of Margaret de Ribaumont, Viscountess of Bellaise. By Charlotte M. Yonge. 15 cents.

The Story of Melicent. By Fayr Madoc. 10 cents.

The Hands of Justice. By F. W. Robinson. 20 cents.

Daisy Miller, and other Stories. By Henry James, Jr. 25 cents.

The Wreck of the "Grosvenor." By W. Clark Russell. 15 cents; also 8vo, Paper, 30 cents.

Who is Sylvia? By A. Price. 20 cents.

Shandon Bells. By William Black. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25; Paper, 20 cents.

Unspotted from the World. By Mrs. G. W. Godfrey. 20 cents.

Bid Me Discourse. By Mary Cecil Hay. 10 cents.

It was a Lover and his Lass. By Mrs. Oliphant. 20 cents.

My Connaught Cousins. By the Author of "The Queen of Connaught." 15 cents.

George Vanbrugh's Mistake. By H. Baden Pritchard. 20 cents.

Dukesborough Tales. By Richard Malcolm Johnston. Illustrated. 25 cents.

☞ *Harper & Brothers will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ *Harper's Catalogue mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents in stamps.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

PORTRAITS! Oldest, Largest and Best House for Agents. Something New just introduced. A rich field for Agents. For terms, territory, &c., apply at once. **TEN EYCK & CO., Auburn, N. Y.**

AGENTS can now grasp a fortune. Outfit worth $10 free. Address E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.